

pioneer

Sacramento City College

Volume 4 Number 1

January, 1980



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- The Greatest Show In Town
- Munching Out In Sacramento
- Suicide—The Ultimate Question



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CITY COLLEGE

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This yearly magazine is a joint project of the Journalism Department and the Educational Enrichment Program at Sacramento City College, 3835 Freeport Blvd., Sacramento, CA 95822. The Pioneer does not necessarily represent views of the Los Rios Community College District Board of Trustees, administration or faculty.

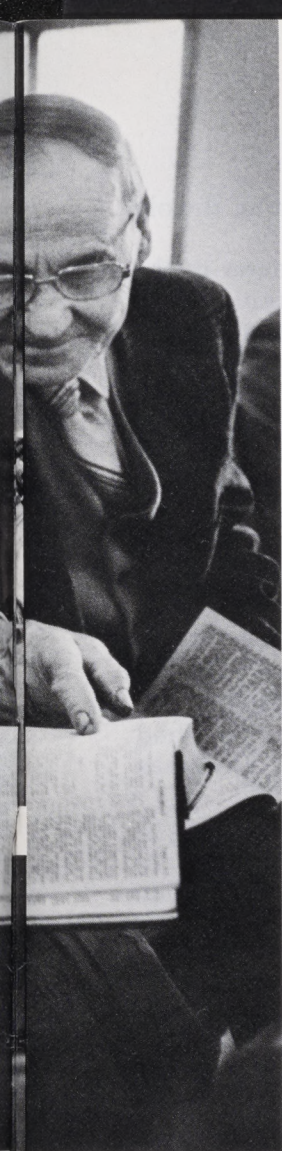


The Cessna 150 pictured on the cover is one of five planes of its kind maintained by the aeronautics department at City College. In the line of duty, photographer Susie Gow was a passenger in one of these two-seater aircrafts and captured the brilliance of the rising sun above Rancho Seco. She also took the sundown silhouette and aerial photos on the back cover.

Although students do not learn to fly planes through the aeronautics program, many have flying licenses or go on to get them when they graduate. More information on aeronautics at City College may be found in the story, "The Program That Succeeds With Flying Colors," on Pages 38-41. The front and back inside cover photos were taken by Evan Yee.



The right to worship as they please was hard won by many of the Russians who settled in Bryte after escaping from revolutionary persecution. It is a right couples like Vera and Fedot Checkmesterosf (above) and Daniel Lokteff (left) still treasure.



Pat Brawley looks at three generations in the Russian community of Bryte. The oldest left Russia in 1932, his son arrived in Bryte at the age of 13, and the youngest was born in Bryte after his parents came from Russia. Each has a different view of the community and his own place in it.

By PAT BRAWLEY

On a warm Sunday afternoon, children play in the quiet streets of Bryte, where the air feels good and solid. Life is a little slower in this peaceful river town, and there is no hurry about leaving. It is a place where a wanderer could stop and put down roots and stay, never having to pack up and run again.

Not much happens here but, for some, that is the best thing about it. In their lives, too much has been disrupted. Here they can feel safe and not have to worry; they can let life flow on.

The town on the west bank of the Sacramento River was once a dairy farm owned by Mike Bryte, "the

THE RUSSIANS ARE ALREADY HERE!

tallest man in the Sacramento Valley." Bryte's dairy farm was eventually absorbed by the growth of

the metropolis and became the town bearing his name.

The place still has that quiet farm feel, detached from its more commercial neighbors.

Into this tranquil, calm setting came refugees from one of the most momentous disruptions in history — the Russian Revolution.

These were religious people and under the constitution established by the new government of Russia, they were guaranteed freedom of religion. That freedom turned out to be as fragile as the paper that guaranteed it.

A group of Russian Baptists first came to Bryte around 1925. They were farmers and lived quiet lives here, helping as many of their countrymen as they could. Their congregation at one time numbered about 100 out of a total popu-

lation of 300 to 400.

The Lokteff family is one of those they helped to bring to the United States.

In 1924 the father of Daniel Lokteff, 73-year-old resident of Bryte, established a Baptist church in his village in Khazakstan in Eastern Russia. "He was not a minister," Daniel points out, "but he was very active in the church."

His activities brought him to the attention of the Cheka, a terrorist organization under Joseph Stalin. The Cheka ranged the country, arresting and executing people without formal accusation or trial.

They took away Daniel's father in 1929. The following year, he died in prison. No charges were ever filed against him, but his imprisonment and death seem to have been related to his religious activities.

Daniel had been active in his father's church and had, by now, a wife and two children. By 1932 he decided that the reign of terror under the Cheka was not abating.

So he loaded his wife and children on horseback and set out for the Chinese border 200 kilometers away.

Crossing the border was a very dangerous endeavor. "They had guards on both sides of the border. The Russians had dogs, very big dogs, to make it harder to cross," Lokteff remembers.

"Before when the guards go for a cigarette, they turn their back and the people could slip by them and hide in the bushes and get across, but with the dogs, no one gets by.

"If the Russian guards see the people, they shoot them. If the Chinese military catch people, they push them back across the border into Russia," he explains.

"The nearest town on the China side is in Sinkiang about 90 kilometers from the border. If you get there, you are safe. Since we were

**Photos by
Cheryl Nuss**

on horses, it took about two days to get there. Then we were safe," he says with a grin.

In Sinkiang, where the family lived for 15 years, Lokteff worked as a glazier installing window glass. His peaceful life here was not to last, though. By 1947 conditions in Sinkiang were becoming increasingly unstable.

The forces of Mao Tse Tung and Chiang Kai-shek were tearing up areas not already torn up by the war against the Japanese. The northern part of the country in particular was in turmoil, and Lokteff felt it was no longer safe for his family there.

The Lokteffs had five children by this time and, again, they loaded up and moved — this time to Shanghai. They stayed there for two years and then, in 1949, they went to the Philippines where they stayed until they could arrange to be sponsored.

They arrived in December, 1950, and checked into the church in San Francisco for dinner. They completed their immigration papers and then traveled to their new home in Bryte.

Lokteff remembers, "I was so tired of travelling with children, moving them from here to there. I sat down and said, 'This is as far as I go. Where I stop, I stay.'

"We had to pay all the money we had [\$50] for rent that first month," he recalls. "The woman didn't trust us. We had to go to work right away because we had no money." First the older children and then Daniel got jobs and started saving money.

"We had learned to live very economically. We didn't need a lot of things that Americans think they need. I didn't buy a car until the boys started college, and then it was a second-hand car," he says.

The economical habits the Lokteffs had learned paid off. Within one year they had saved \$3,000 for a down payment on a house and three lots. Within three years they had them all paid off.

They were beginning the transition from the old country to the new.

Mike Lokteff is the transitional character in the saga of his community. He was born in the old world, in Sinkiang, in the old days. But he lives in the new world, in the present.

When he arrived in Bryte, Mike spoke no English; so he had to go back to elementary school and then try to catch up with his age group. He did well, graduating only one year behind his contemporaries.

In high school he participated in the social life, but in college, where he got his teaching degree, "Not so much. I felt alien for the first time. I felt that that way of life was so different from what I saw at home and in church that for me to take part in the life would mean, not exactly hypocrisy, but living two different lives, and I couldn't do that. So I stuck to my

studies and finished school," he observes pensively.

Mike has taught art in the high school for 18 years but is taking this year off. "There are some things I want to do, now," he says. "I'm doing an oral history with the old people in the church before it's too late and they are all gone. I want to get it all on tape and set up like a library of the histories.

"I know that many of the kids don't want to bother with that now, but later they may want to know what their grandparents lives were like. It will all be there for them when they are ready."

He is the one of the children who stayed in the community and is close to his parents. He takes an active part in the church, leading the congregation in singing hymns in the Russian language in a clear, deep voice that conveys the joy found in his community and church while his cousin plays the piano.

"At one time I felt a kind of vague unease, an internal conflict. Everyone else was moving



Although some of the young people are reluctant to learn Russian, the generations come together at worship. Typical are Maria Max (foreground) and Ludmila Max.

**“I sat down
and said, ‘This
is as far as
I go. Where I
stop, I stay.’ ”**

It may not be beautiful to all eyes but this couple enjoys a peaceful stroll home along Solano Drive after church, secure that they are now safe from the perils their ancestors faced.



out into the mainstream, but I was still here. Maybe there was something wrong with me that I hadn't felt a need to do that, but then I decided that if God wanted me to do that, he would lead me to it, but for the meantime I relaxed," he reminisces.

His younger siblings and many of the younger generation have moved away and into the American mainstream. As a result, the community is shrinking. Mike Tkacheff, 18, is one of only two young men of his age group left in the community.

Tkacheff is in his first year at City College. He is the youngest of four children. He and a brother, who is 22, are the only ones born in the United States. The older two were born in China.

The Tkacheffs came from western Russia, maybe the Ukraine.

His mother's family were farmers whose land was confiscated after the revolution. Her family was given a time limit to leave or they would be shot. She saw others shot who had not given up their land.

They moved east, first to Siberia, then to Manchuria, then to Shanghai for seven years, then to the United States on the same boat that brought the Lokteffs.

"When my parents came over, there were people here to help them, to teach them things about how to get along. They took English together for citizenship, and they taught each other, and they learned slowly but surely," explains Tkacheff.

"But we don't want to learn Russian," he insists. "The old people really look down on us for that. We used to take Russian classes on Saturdays. My aunt and another

lady used to teach it, but we didn't really like it; so we didn't learn very well."

Since Tkacheff does not read or speak Russian and his parents speak only limited English, they are only able to discuss everyday matters, but he does know that his family is here to stay. "They do not look back. They never want to go back. They hate what it is now. That's why they left. They are here to make a new life."

Tkacheff says he has never felt foreign. He feels, he says, "just like any other American."

Just in case he ever gets curious, though, about the lives of Daniel Lokteff or his own parents when they were in the old country, Mike Lokteff will have it waiting for him on tape. But he might have to learn Russian to appreciate it.



TATTOOS

PERMANENT BODY LANGUAGE

*"All the beauty in the world,
'tis but skin deep."*
— Ralph Venning

By CATHY HEDGEcock

Sailors have anchors proudly inscribed on their shoulders. A burly truck driver flexes his forearm to make a Hawaiian dancer wiggle her hips. Bikers casually flash skulls or daggers while showing off their physiques.

These stereotyped images are still around, but recently tattooing has become a widespread practice among people of different ages, sexes and backgrounds.

Thousands of tattoo parlors all over the country embroider the bodies of their customers with any-

thing from a small flower on the shoulder to an intricate design covering most of the body.

But why would people want images permanently engraved on their bodies? The recent increased popularity can be partially attributed to the women's movement because more than half of the people getting tattoos nowadays are women.

Getting a tattoo is often an expression of a woman's freedom to control her own body. One female tattooee says about the butterfly on her back, "It was just something I had to do before I turn 40. My birthday is next week."

Janet Wolfertz, a waitress, got together with fellow employees, and they impulsively decided to get tattoos. "We were sitting around after work one night, and we all

just decided to get one," she laughs.

Tattoos have been, until lately, predominantly for males — a certification that the bearer had reached manhood. A dare or a bet often brought young men in for their initial tattoos.

Tattoos are nothing new. The first inked tattoo was discovered on the skin of a 4,000-year-old Egyptian princess buried in a tomb near Luxor.

In the early 1920s a tattoo craze hit London's high society. Petite designs such as hearts and roses appeared on the wrists, shoulders and bosoms of fashionable women of all ages.

Tattooing has long been practiced by such varied cultural groups as the Mojave Indians of lower Colorado, the Bengali Hindus and the Maoris of New Zealand.

In the United States, tattoos have changed considerably since the early part of this century. Modern instruments allow for finer lines, greater detailing, and hypo-allergenic dyes and careful sterilization reduce the risk of allergies and infections. Large tattoo designs are usually of outdoor or mystical scenes as opposed to the Biblical and patriotic themes of the past.

"There's as much fine art to this as any painting," says Moses, a tattoo artist of the East Coast Studio, 1608 H St. He and his partner, Kevin Brady, handle up to 30 customers on a busy day.

The studio is one of three tattoo parlors serving the Sacramento area. Midnight Tattoo is at 403 30th St. and Broadway Bob's Tattooing is at 3110 Broadway.

Each business charges similar prices, ranging from \$10 for a small, simple design to \$30 for a medium-sized tattoo and on up to several hundred dollars for large body work.

All of the parlors will design a tattoo to fulfill a customer's wish or

adapt a design from a magazine or poster.

Interest in tattooing started for Ken Larson, owner of Midnight Tattoo, when, as a youth, he saw his friends giving and getting tattoos. "I looked at the stuff they were doing, and I thought there's got to be a better way."

He experimented with it, and tattooing eventually became a serious hobby and profession which he has pursued for the past seven years.

Brady got interested in art during college, and that interest manifested itself in tattooing. His commitment to it is shown by the intricate designs covering his forearms.

After learning about and being exposed to tattooing, this reporter decided to get one.

I was a little worried about that old line, "You know what they say about a woman with a tattoo . . ." but felt that these days a small tattoo is a decoration rather than a scarlet letter.

I was also apprehensive about the permanence of a tattoo. (They really are permanent, you know.

The only way to have one removed is with acid or skin grafting.) Would I still want it when I was a successful career woman or a gray-ing grandmother? Well, I decided, when I get older I can always pass it off as a teen-age whim.

I chose the East Coast Studio because it is well-known and close to home. I wanted a heart to be placed unobtrusively above my left ankle.

Iwalked into the small building whose walls are covered with tattoo designs, and I told Moses my idea. He drew a heart and added a few inspirations of his own to make a small, but interesting design.

He then redrew it onto carbon paper to make a stencil which he transferred onto my skin as a pattern after carefully cleaning and disinfecting the area.

With teeth clenched in anticipation, I watched Moses take out the gun-shaped tattoo instrument and check its low electrical current. The current moves a needle, dipped in dye, up and down rapidly to punc-

ture the skin and leave the permanent image.

I had been told by previous tattooees that the experience was not really very painful, that I'd get used to it after the initial shock.

They were wrong.

It hurt.

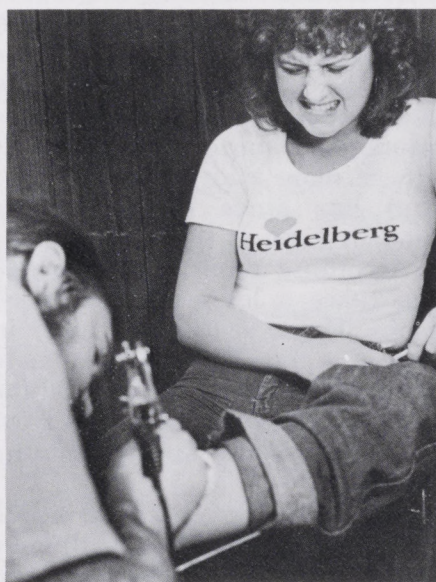
A lot!

The single-needle instrument, used for outlining and filling in small designs, caused a bothersome, but not severe, discomfort. Another instrument with four needles moving simultaneously, used for filling in larger areas, created a much more severe pain. I was thankful that this part of my tattoo session was brief.

The entire operation took about 45 minutes. I was instructed to keep the tattoo out of sun and water for seven to 10 days so that it could scab over and heal completely.

I looked with mixed emotions at the colored area above my ankle as Moses said good-bye and moved on to another customer.

And I left, for better or worse, to regret or rejoice, another permanently inscribed human canvas.



Photos by Colleen Hilker

Reporter Cathy Hedgecock decided that the only way she could really get a "feel" for tattooing would be to join the thousands of people who have adorned their bodies with this permanent body language. Artist Moses (left) from the East Coast Studio applied a stylized heart to Hedgecock's ankle. She discovered the needles of the tattoo gun really do hurt (center). Voila! — the finished product (right).

WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING?

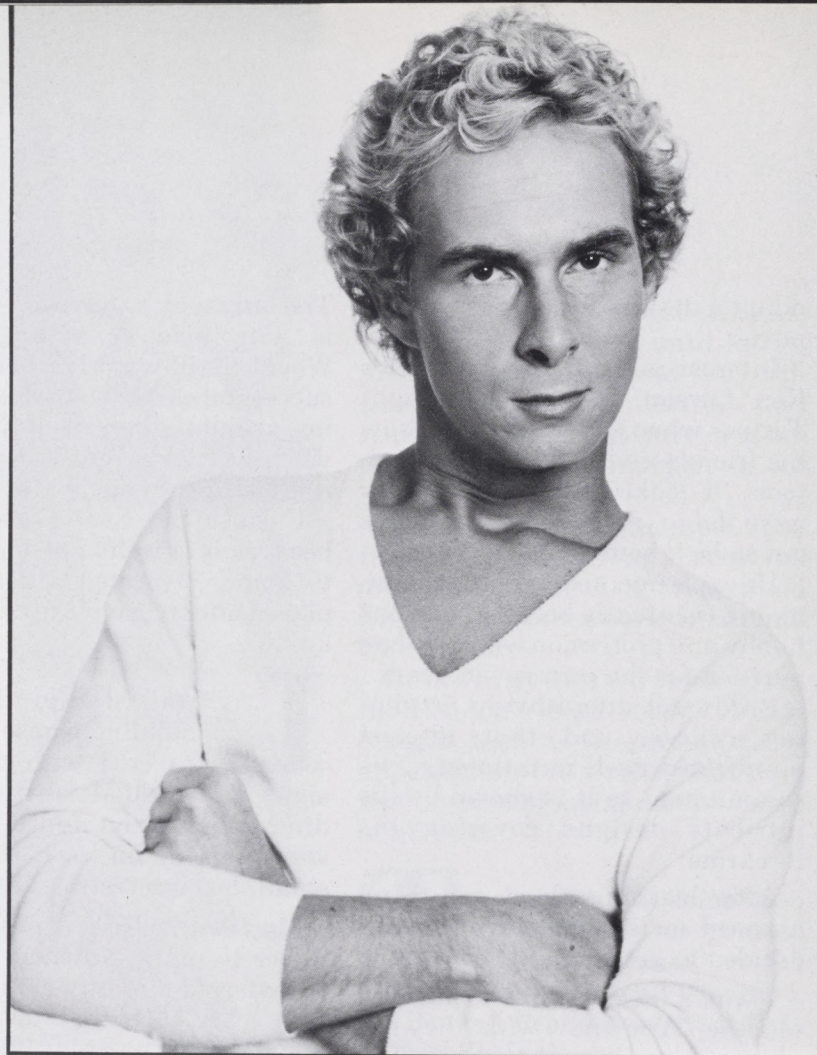


Photo by John R. Delaney

Trent Tyler St. Louis has a "model" job. He is both a male model and manager for Culture House Professional Talent Agency while he takes business courses at City College.

People look for ways to be different, to stand out in the crowd. Three City College students have found a way — through their jobs.

By MARY LOGAN

As if 12 hours of classes each week weren't enough to keep them busy, at least half of the students at City College must also find time to work.

Usually the jobs available to them are very run-of-the-mill such as being a fast food waitress, a gas station attendant or a salesclerk. Although most of these employees would agree that their jobs provide little excitement or chance for advancement, they shrug and say, "Well, at least it pays the bills."

Three City College students, however, have found jobs that not only pay the bills but that are also rewarding if not downright fun.

Trent Tyler St. Louis, a business

major, works as a male model and manager for Culture House Professional Talent Agency.

St. Louis has been involved with modeling most of his life, but he has considered himself a professional only the past two years. He started with Culture House more than four years ago and has since completed the modeling course there.

According to St. Louis, modeling takes a lot more than good looks. For a successful career in modeling, he feels that one has to get good technical training on the basics such as hair care, skin care, wardrobe, voice and presenting oneself.

"The definition of a good model, to me, is a person who can make themselves look flawless. It's hard work," he says.

St. Louis feels that one's perseverance and knowledge about modeling are the main ingredients

to becoming a successful model.

"You have to become an actor to a degree," he says. Different clothes require different expressions. For instance, modeling sportswear would take a happy, active look, whereas high fashion clothing would require a more serious expression, according to St. Louis. "You have to be able to change moods instantly," he explains.

Vivienne Doyle, a liberal arts major, got her job with a skill that most students take for granted — driving.

One day while at the Sacramento Metropolitan Airport, Doyle began watching the airport transporter and limousine drivers picking up and dropping off various passengers and decided that this was the type of job she would like to have.

Doyle got her wish when VIP Limousines hired her last July.



Photo by Joe Perfecto

Those who want to arrive in style can always arrange to have Vivienne Doyle (above) drive them in a VIP Limousine. Among her customers are rock stars, politicians and environmentalists. Lisa Cooper (below) sings for a living, but not on a concert stage. Instead she goes to homes, businesses and where-you-will to deliver singing telegrams for National Union.

Since then, she has chauffeured many famous people including rock stars like Pat Travers, Cheap Trick and Blue Oyster Cult.

She has also chauffeured many politicians and environmentalists. She finds it ironic that the environmentalists hire large limousines that get only six to eight miles per gallon.

According to Doyle, people hire limousines for weddings, funerals, 21st birthdays, 25th and 50th anniversaries and stag nights, but she has also chauffeured people for more bizarre occasions.

A woman flying in from Ontario, Calif., hired Doyle to drive her to her dentist's office in North Sacramento and then back to the airport in time for her to catch a plane back to Ontario.

"One man hired a limo to buy some diamonds and wrote bad checks for the limo and the diamonds. The FBI is handling the case now," she says.

Doyle likes her job because of the interesting people she meets and the flexible hours. She works on-call and sticks to short runs so that the job doesn't interfere with her school work.

Lisa Cooper, undecided major, used her outgoing personality and singing talents to land a job at National Union, a singing telegram company.

Cooper, who began her singing career with a band in junior high school, delivers her musical messages in a bellhop uniform similar to those that Western Union used when the idea of sing-o-grams first began in the 1940s.

Birthdays, anniversaries, baby showers, wedding showers and even asking for dates are a few of the occasions at which Cooper has appeared to relay her friendly messages. "Even no occasion is a good occasion to liven up a day with a singing telegram," suggests Cooper.

Most of the songs performed by National Union are famous tunes, like Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," combined with original lyrics written by the company's staff of songwriters who compose anything from cheer-up songs to marriage proposal songs.

Cooper finds that people get very emotional when they get singing telegrams. "Most of the people cry. Even the men cry," she says. "Sometimes they get embarrassed. I've had to chase some people around their offices."

These three students have found putting their particular talents and imaginations to work for them brought them jobs where "doing their own thing" pays off in hefty paychecks.

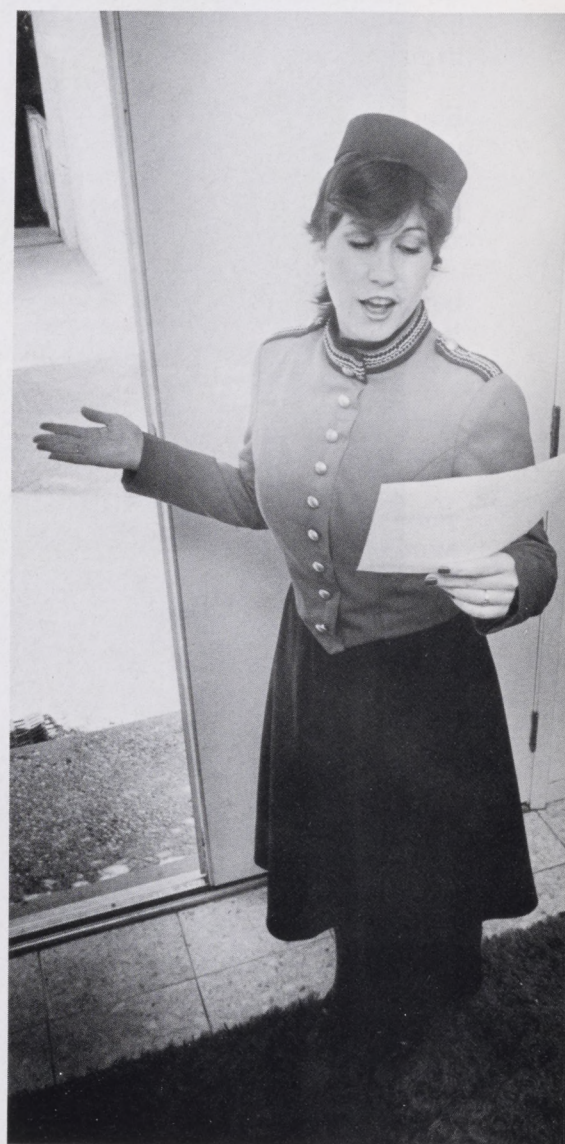
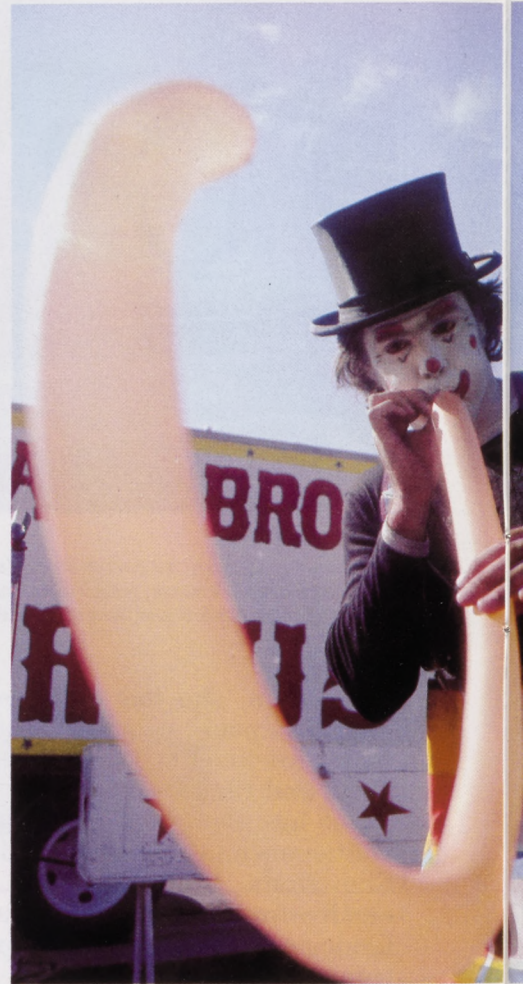


Photo by Evan Yee



Circus For Hire

By CAROLYN HUDSON

Have you ever dreamed of running away from home to join the circus?

Andy and Mike Swan joined one and didn't even have to run away from home.

The brothers — alias Zippy and Hi-Tops — formed their own hometown two-man circus in 1974 and have since performed their juggling, magic and comic routines at lawyers conventions, colleges, junior high schools, birthday parties, fairs and convalescent homes throughout the Sacramento area.

Many City College students have witnessed their good-humored antics during their performances at various events on campus, including the last four People's Day celebrations.

Although their audiences vary from kindergartners to retirees, Andy says that child viewers are especially gratifying because they tend to be less inhibited, but he adds that college-age viewers provide the opportunity to perform more sophisticated material.

"We use puns and do dangerous-looking things such as eating fire and juggling over people," he

explains.

Indeed, one of the keys to their success has been their ability to adjust their performances to their different audiences and to involve people in their acts by asking them to assist in tricks, blow up balloons or just stand while the brothers juggle around them.

The brothers say that their performances are 90 percent planned and 10 percent spontaneous. They decide the length of a particular performance by gauging the audience's reaction.

One of the most popular performers in the circus is Toby, "the wonder dog," who walks wires, jumps hurdles, rolls over and jumps from a 50-foot high-dive ladder. "Toby is seven years old and has worked with us since he was one month old," says Mike.

The Swan brothers' specialty is juggling, and sometimes they spend up to five hours a day practicing this demanding skill. Andy can juggle five rings and five balls simultaneously, an accomplishment which took him nearly four years to master.

Andy says that learning this feat required much timing and rhythm, but he stresses that it is the comedy in their routines that "puts bread on the table."

In addition to juggling, Mike works on the trapeze and the rollabolla, a board balanced on a cylinder.

Mike and Andy were the only members of their large family to go into show business. Both have attended American River College. Andy has an A.A. degree in recreation, and Mike plans to complete the auto mechanics degree program someday.

The brothers have not found it necessary to do much advertising. They say that a good performance is their best advertisement and very often yields two or three future bookings.

"We are always looking for an original act to enhance our reputation," Andy says of the circus' future. "We want a super sound system, a fantastic wardrobe, first-class equipment, choreographers for dance routines and a circus on a theatrical stage."

Despite Andy's ambitious plans, the Swan brothers do not aspire to grow into a three-ring circus of 150 performers. Smallness allows them the luxury of being five feet from their audience instead of 2,000 feet away. As the brothers put it, "The audience must be the star of the show."

Although it may not be the greatest show on earth, the Swan Brothers Circus is the greatest show in Sacramento in the eyes of many. Andy and Mike Swan enjoy clowning around for a living as does their dog, Toby, "the wonder dog" (far left) who jumps over a railing with the greatest of ease. Andy Swan (above) breathes life into a balloon that will be twisted into an animal figure for some lucky child in the audience. Swan (left) makes up his face with steady precision in preparation for the next circus performance.

Photos By
Susie Gow





Photos by Craig Lee

Harold Harrington, City College student who became blind when a grenade blew up in his face during World War II, takes advantage of the braille typewriter at the Enabling Center. The poster in the foreground illustrates the philosophy that employees at the center always try to keep in mind.



Michele Mantay finds there is one time that being restricted to a wheelchair comes in handy. At least she doesn't have to stand in line to hand in forms at the Admissions and Records Office. She sometimes uses one of the electric wheelchairs available from the Enabling Center. Some of the wheelchair-bound students are transported to campus in special vans with hydraulic lift platforms that can lower the wheelchairs to ground level.

Bridging A Gap

By BRUCE WILLIAMS

There is a short story by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. in which all of the lucky and innately talented people of the world are required by law to compensate for their inherited superiorities. Gifted runners, for instance, are forced to wear weights around their ankles to insure an equal opportunity for everyone entered to finish first.

Although Vonnegut's solution to guarantee everyone a fighting chance in society is satirical, it exposes one of the most challenging dilemmas of modern American society. Is there any viable way to provide a truly equal opportunity for those who are physically disabled?

Jim Hinerman, director of the City College Enabling Center, believes there is a way to compensate for disabilities, and the center

he is responsible for offers strong evidence to support him. "It isn't easy, but if individuals want to help themselves the opportunity is available right here," says Hinerman.

Located in the rear of the Counseling Center in Main North, the Enabling Center is serving approximately 240 disabled students this semester. Upon request, any disabled student may receive services which include note-takers, mobility aids, readers, tutors, wheelchair loans, tape recorder loans, counseling and job placement assistance.

Although the Enabling Center provides educational support to increase disabled students' chances for achievement, Hinerman maintains that these benefits are not the most important aspect of the program.

"Our primary goal is to help disabled students feel they are people first and individuals with disabili-

ties second," says Hinerman.

It sounds simple enough, but how does the Enabling Center's staff overcome lifetimes of prejudice and frustration?

"It's very important for us to expect just as much from a disabled student as from anyone else," Hinerman insists. "We stress in the center that disabled students should function exactly like any other student at City College. This means they should study and eat in the same places everyone else does rather than isolate themselves from other students."

None of the center's policies reflect Hinerman's philosophy better than the imaginative approach taken toward the use of the Enabling Center's numerous technological learning aids: talking calculators, powerful magnifiers for reading books, tape recorders with tactile instructions, cassette tapes of textbooks, a braille type-

writer and even a braille dictionary.

"We place our equipment throughout the campus as well as in the center itself," explains Hinerman. "Disabled students can work in the library or the Assessment Center, for instance, making them far more involved in school."

Expensive equipment and trained personnel are not alone enough to guarantee an effective Enabling Center. "Money is not the answer for enabling programs," Hinerman stresses. "Positive community attitude is the most essential ingredient. You can't buy attitude."

The most important evaluation of the Enabling Center must come from the students who utilize it.

Peter Leong, a sociology major

people wake up to what goes on here."

Another student who frequents the Enabling Center, Michele Mantay, also expresses concern about society's view of the disabled. "Sometimes," says Mantay, "people can be more of a handicap than the physical limitations I have. I've actually had someone try to steal a wheelchair from me at school. "Mantay, a music major who carries 19 units, is battling a rare form of multiple sclerosis.

Mantay uses tape recorders, notetakers and electric wheelchairs provided by the Enabling Center. She feels, "The biggest disability you can put before yourself is self-pity. People in the center help me when I feel down."

over written words, the Opticon converts each letter to an electrical impulse which is shaped like the letter itself. The mild electrical sensation can then be felt with the reader's fingertips.

Although the Opticon is very helpful, Wilson faces other challenges in the classroom which have yet to be overcome by technology. The Enabling Center supplies Wilson with note-takers, tutors and cassette tapes of textbooks. "It's working really beautifully," he says, referring to the assistance he receives from the center.

In addition to education-support services and counseling, the Enabling Center offers job placement assistance. That's where Diane Adeszko, student personnel assistant for the center, comes in. Adeszko is the only placement officer in the Los Rios district who works exclusively for disabled students.

"There won't always be someone around to help a person," explains Adeszko, "so I show them how to look for a job, rather than find them a job myself. Their success is up to them — just like everyone else's."

Adeszko can list a surprising number of careers which are open to blind students: computer programming, clerical assistance and medical transcribing for example.

Adeszko's position has given her an inspiring outlook on human potential. "I don't think the community understands, for example, that a totally blind person can become a secretary without any major complications for an employer," she says.

Many people consider the Enabling Center at City College to be a blessing for two reasons. First because it is doing a commendable job of assisting disabled students to become independent, self-respecting individuals. Second because the entire staff of the center, from the director to the note-takers, readers and tutors, are all working to destroy the curious communication gap which exists between our society and its 47 million disabled citizens.



Photo by Craig Lee

Mary Wroten (right) and Wanda Jones share a humorous moment together while communicating through sign language in the City College cafeteria. Wroten, who has been deaf since birth, finds the Enabling Center on campus to be helpful and supportive to her special needs.

who was partially paralyzed in a baseball accident, says, "I've used a lot of services which helped me maintain my grades and a good attitude toward myself. The staff understands our feelings and treats us like human beings. It's not just a job to them."

Understandably, community attitude toward the disabled is a sensitive subject for Leong. Despite Leong's right side being substantially paralyzed, he says, "I'm not as handicapped as most people. I don't have a closed mind toward disabled people. It's about time

Phillip Wilson, a 22-year-old music major enjoying his first semester at City College, is "the type of person who just enjoys life." Wilson, who takes 12 units and is a member of the City College choir, has been blind since birth.

Soft-spoken and enthusiastic, Wilson is the only student at City College who owns a complex electronic "reading machine," called an Opticon. Although an Opticon costs approximately \$3,000, it can enable a blind person to "read" most books with relative ease.

As the reader passes a sensor

Charles Myers Enjoys The 'Spirit' Of Winemaking



He may not be little and he may not be old, but English teacher Charles Myers is a successful winemaker.

By SAM GANGWER

About 100 years ago in many parts of the United States, teachers were not allowed to be seen in places that sold alcohol, let alone drink it.

Times have changed.

English instructor Charles Myers not only makes his own wine, but owns and operates a commercial winery.

From the outside, the Harbor Winery

looks like just another one of the many garages that line Harbor Boulevard in West Sacramento. However, once inside, the smell of fermenting grapes and the rows of wooden barrels make it apparent that this building has but one purpose — making wine.

Myers became interested in making wine when he was a graduate student at the University of California at Berkeley during the 50s. "When I was a grad student, I was too poor to buy wine of the quality I would like to drink," he explains.

At first Myers bottled mostly wine he bought in bulk but gradually he began making more and more of his own wine.

Although he has never had any special

instruction or attended any winemaking schools, the Harbor Winery supplies several restaurants in San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. Myers' wine also appears on tables in Illinois, New Jersey and Washington, D.C.

In Sacramento, Harbor Winery wine is available at Corti Brothers Market and La Salle restaurant.

To what does Myers attribute his expertise at winemaking? He explains, "If you can read a book, you can do damn near anything."

In 1972, the first year Myers made wine commercially, he crushed only five tons of grapes. This year, he crushed 28 tons to produce roughly 1,000 gallons of four different wines: Zinfandel, Chardonnay, Cabernet Sauvignon and Mission Del Sol.

Mission Del Sol is of special interest to Myers because of its history. "It was the original grape planted at the Spanish missions," he explains.

Myers says, "My accountant still doesn't believe I've done it. Most small businesses fail in the first year, but mine hasn't. It has grown and is making money."

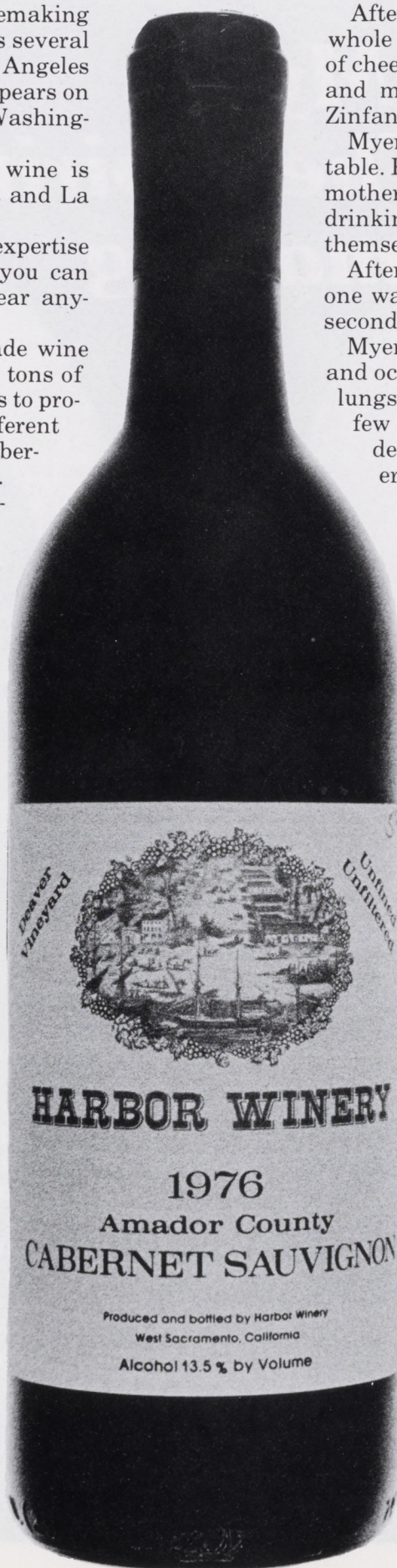
Four times during the fall, Myers holds grape crushes. Family, friends, acquaintances and even a few former students show up at the crush to shovel grapes, drink wine and eat lunch.

Late one Saturday morning last fall, this wine lover showed up at the Harbor Winery in time to watch a big steel trailer (called a gondola) containing four tons of grapes back through the garage door of the winery and line up with the motor-driven crusher.

Everyone took turns wearing the rubber boots and pitchforking the grapes.

No foot stomping has ever been used to make wine at the Harbor Winery. Not only is it against the law, but, says Myers, "It's too damn inefficient. People did it with their feet in the old days because it was the only thing they had."

The closest Myers has ever come to foot stomping was one time when the power crusher broke down, and the mashing had to be finished with an old-fashioned, hand-cranked crusher.



After the first gondola was empty, the whole crew sat down to a lunch of five kinds of cheeses, four kinds of meats, French bread and many bottles of 1977 Harbor Winery Zinfandel.

Myers introduced everyone around the table. Present were Myers' two daughters, his mother, five former students, an old wine drinking buddy or two, the grape growers themselves, me and my photographer.

After the wine was finished off and everyone was glowing, we started to work on the second gondola.

Myers ran around shouting instructions and occasional bits of poetry at the top of his lungs, tested the juice for sugar content a few times and then plunged himself elbow deep into the crushed grapes in the gathering tank to unplug a clog in the transfer line.

One former student, Eric Kleven, says, "He's really involved. He watches each grape that goes through."

Once the grapes are destemmed and crushed, the juice and skins are pumped into a giant stainless steel fermentation tank where they sit for seven days. Freshly crushed red wine grapes must sit with their skins for a while before the juice turns red.

From there, the mixture is run through a press to squeeze every drop of wine from it. Then the wine is put in an aging container.

For the reds — Zinfandel and Cabernet — the entire aging process is done in wooden barrels. For the whites, stainless steel is used.

Since Myers makes more money from winemaking than from teaching, one wonders why he bothers to teach at all.

Myers explains, "After a lot of years of learning the craft, I think I teach pretty well. Plus I have a lot of years involved in it."

Myers doesn't like to call his winemaking a hobby. "I don't have hobbies," he stresses. "It trivializes the things it is attached to, in my view."

He adds, "We think of our work as something we have to do and hobbies as something we enjoy. It suggests a dichotomy in our lives that I simply don't believe in."

THE SPORT FOR EVERYONE

By ART VEJAR
and PAUL JOBS

How can a sport that lacks the spectacular moves of jai-alai, the smoothness of tennis and the deep-rooted tradition of handball, suddenly become so popular?

The sport in question is racquetball which combines aspects of all three of these sports, is easy to learn, does not require great strength and skill and is fun to play.

Swatting a ball around in an enclosed area may not sound exciting, but to the thousands of enthusiasts throughout the United States, it is an exhilarating pastime.

The popularity of this sport has not gone unnoticed at City College, which has been offering a racquetball class for two semesters. Coach Cloy Stapleton is the instructor of the class which meets at the Riverside Racquet Club.

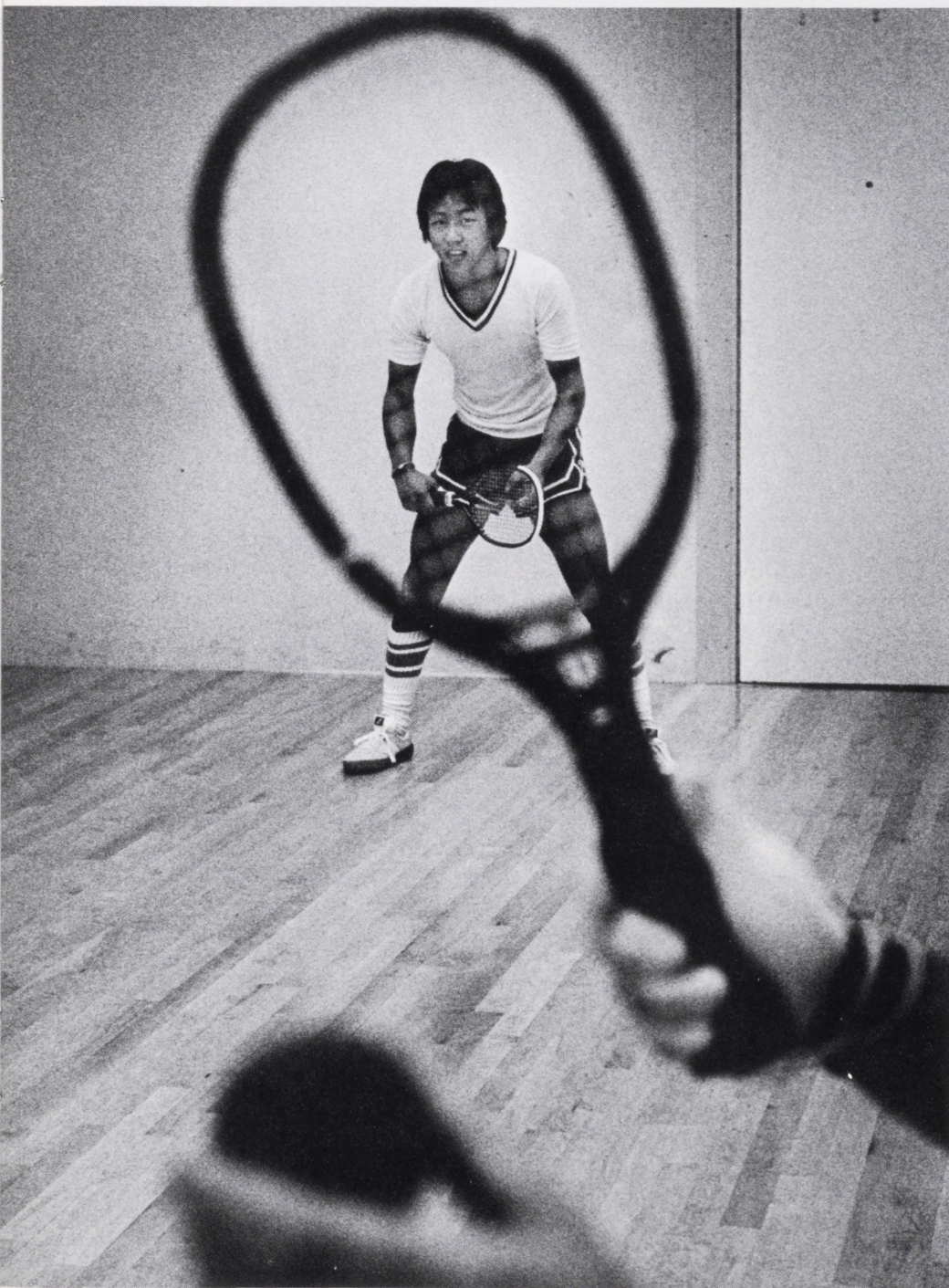
According to Coach Stapleton, "This is one class that students want to attend. They derive a lot of enjoyment from the class."

For the use of the eight racquetball courts and locker room facilities at Riverside, each student is charged \$30 per semester. Students provide their own equipment: racquet, appropriate gym clothes and a can of balls.

Once the basics of the game have been learned and a proficiency at "swatting the ball" has been attained, then participating is easy because there are many facilities available in Sacramento. Although there are no public facilities, there are private clubs that offer membership and hourly court rentals.

Ron Sakaniwa, day manager at Center Court South Racquetball Club, says, "Our youngest player is eight years old, and they range up to 60. The majority vary anywhere from 19 to 40 years old."

Sakaniwa notices that many women are showing an interest in the sport. He says, "We have baby-sitting services on Monday, Wed-



Photos by Susie Gow

City College student and racquetball enthusiast Steve Fong prepares for the serve from his opponent at the Center Court South Racquetball Club.

nesday and Friday mornings for housewives who have children."

Russ Cox, manager of Wall Street Racquetball Club, agrees that a large number of women are becoming interested in the sport and estimates they make up 35 to 40 percent of the players at his establishment.

At least half of the students in Coach Stapleton's class are women.

Doreen Medina, City College student, is enthusiastic about learning the game but admits an ulterior purpose. She wants to beat her boyfriend and maybe even an ex-teacher, she says with a grin.

Leslie Snyder says, "I enjoy it, and I want to join a club. When I found out that the class was only \$30 per semester, I decided to join it.

"To me, tennis is boring. I am an aggressive person, and this game is more aggressive. Coach Stapleton is one of the best teachers that I ever had. He has a lot of patience."

The sport provides good exercise and, like jogging, a good workout for the cardiovascular system, according to various physical fitness reports.

Except for racquets, players need little special equipment.

Coach Stapleton says that any kind of gym-type shoes

may be worn, but they must not have dark soles or black or blue lines around the soles that would leave marks on the floors.

The most important item is the racquet which has been described as a sawed-off tennis racquet. They used to be quite heavy but, according to Cox, manufacturers are now coming out with lighter models.

The racquets come with wooden or metal heads and are strung with nylon. The stringing can be adjusted for greater or lesser tension, depending on the type of game desired.

The rubber balls come in many colors and varying degrees of flexibility which determine their speed, which may reach as much as 140 mph.

Some players wear gloves to provide better feel and grip on the racquet.

Play begins with one person serving from the service zone near the middle of the court. His or her opponent must stand at least five feet behind the back service line or "short" line; however, the normal ready position is about two steps

off the back wall.

The server is allowed two services. He or she bounces the ball and then must hit it directly to the front wall. If the ball strikes a side wall, floor or ceiling before hitting the front wall, the server loses serve.

If the ball strikes the front wall correctly, then it must rebound beyond the short line in order to be in play — but without hitting the back wall in the air before touching the floor.

The ball can ricochet off one of the side walls, coming back from the front wall, but two side-wall hits is a fault.

The service returner cannot hit the ball until it passes the short line, and then he must contact the ball before it bounces twice on the floor.

Contact is usually made on the first bounce, but it will sometimes occur in midair against softly hit lob serves.

The receiver can use any combination of walls (including the ceiling) in returning the ball to the front wall, provided the ball doesn't first hit the floor, which is called a "skip."

If the ball strikes the front wall legally, then the rally continues until one player fails to return the ball before it bounces on the floor twice or the shot skips before reaching the front wall.

Points are scored only to the serving player (or side in doubles) when the server wins the rally or serves an "ace." The first player to reach 21 points wins the game.

Racquetball can be played by two, three or four people.

Three people play what is known as "cutthroat." This means that every person is for himself, and each one must take his turn hitting the ball.

Doubles are played just as in tennis. Teams of two play each other and alternate hitting the ball.

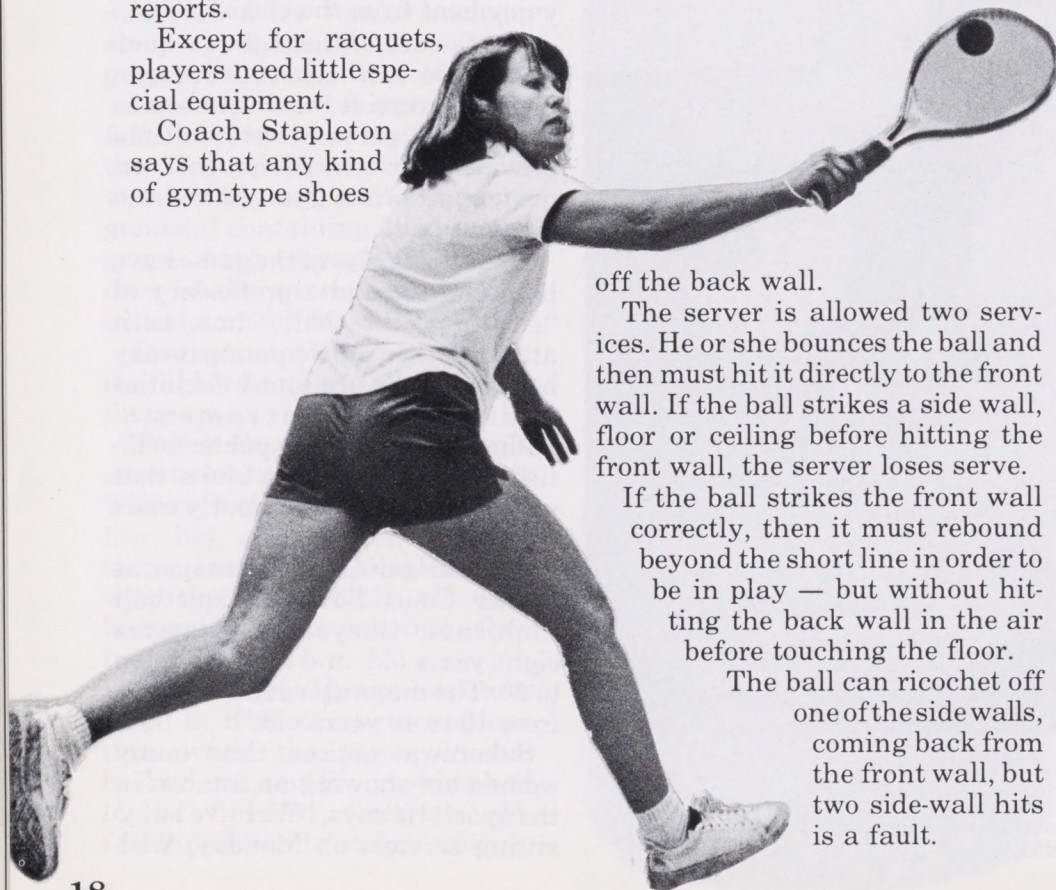
Racquetball is the fastest growing sport in America today. By the latest estimate, there are more than 2,000 racquetball facilities — and about five million players — in the United States.

It is just a fad that will fade away?

There is certainly no sign of diminishing popularity locally. Coach Stapleton believes that two classes will be offered here next semester.

Racquetball clubs in the Sacramento area include Sports Courts, Center Court South, Arroyo Athletic Association, Sacramento Athletic Club, Wall Street, Sacramento Handball-Racquetball Club, Kangaroo Courts (Roseville), Carmichael Athletic Club and Riverside Racquet Club.

Racquetball anyone?



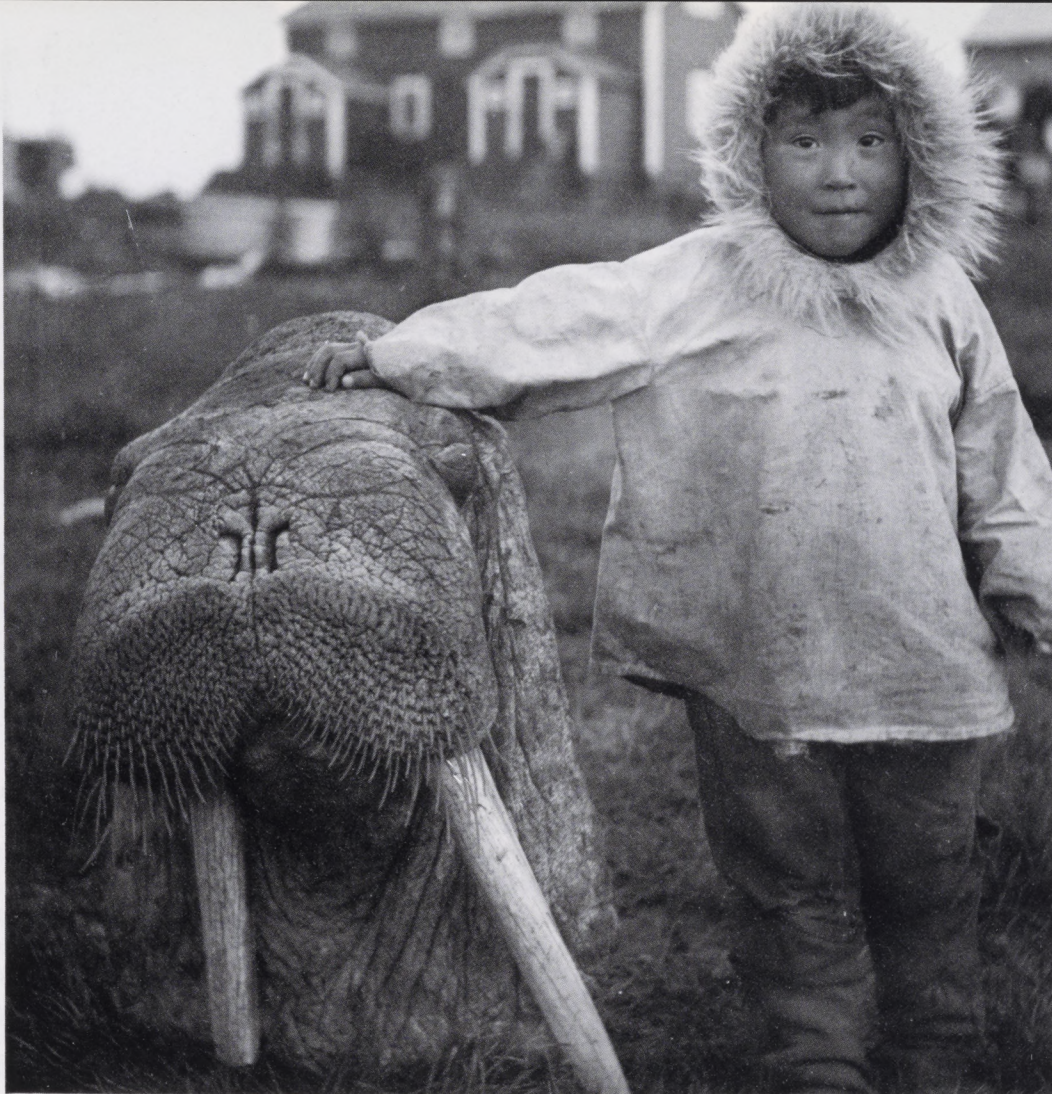


Photo courtesy of Steve and Sandy Mello

From Snowsuits To Swimsuits

There was more than a temperature change to get used to when four Eskimo students left their homeland in Barrow, Alaska, last summer to attend City College.

By TRINDA PASQUET

Hodgepodge. That is probably the best single word to describe the 222 million people who make up this heterogeneous country where noticeable differences between the way people talk, dress and even vote become evident as one crosses certain state borders.

People like to compare, for in-

stance, the differences between so-called Bostonian intellectuals and Iowan farmers and between Texan cowboys and the Perrier crowd of California.

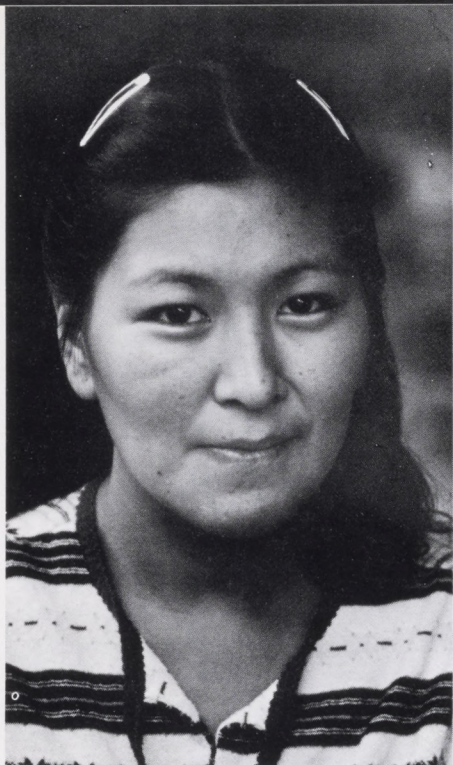
But the population generally thought to be the most distinct from the rest hails from our 49th state — Alaska. There are only 28,000 Eskimos within Alaska's total population, but many people still think that the snowy terrain is dominated by igloo-dwelling Eskimos clad in furs and seal skins riding dog sleds and yelling "Mush!"

That is a bunch of whale blubber. Many Americans would be sur-

prised to learn that in most parts of Alaska igloo homes have been obsolete for 20 years, that the common mode of transportation among Eskimos is the snowmobile, that most Eskimos speak English as well as their native Inupiaq and that their wardrobes do not consist solely of furs and skins.

It is no wonder that so many Americans have never really understood the Eskimo. Before all of the attention that the Alaskan pipeline and the whale-killing controversy brought to the state, Alaska was suffering from the "out of sight, out of mind" syndrome.

Located to the west of Canada and at the northwest extremity of



Marie Itta

North America, Alaska is approximately 1,080 miles from the nearest American state — Washington. Therefore, the closest contact most people have had with the Eskimo culture is apt to be the Eskimo Pie ice cream bar they buy in a grocery store (which, by the way, was not invented by an Eskimo).

But this semester City College students have had a much closer kind of contact with Eskimos (although they may not have even known it) because four are presently attending classes on campus.

Miranda Rexford, Don Nungasak and Clarence and Marie Itta were at Barrow High School in Barrow, Alaska, when two of their teachers — Sandy and Steve Mello — told them and others of a program that they were setting up through the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Arctic Slope Regional Corporation where students who were at least one-fourth Eskimo could get their tuitions, room and board, school supplies and personal expenses paid if they attended college.

The program sounded like a good deal to approximately 40 of the students and graduates of the school who were interviewed by the Mellos for eligibility.

"We picked people we could get along with, who were school-ori-

ented and responsible and who had the grades and the ambition," explains Steve. "And because of the Eskimo lifestyle, those qualities are not the easiest to find because their lifestyle is not as rushed; they don't have all the ails we have."

The Mellos, who had been living and teaching in Barrow for three years, decided to take a leave of absence and return to their Sacramento home last summer to start a family. They took with them a family of another sort — six Eskimo students who were to live with them and attend City College for one year.

Two of the six have since returned home to Barrow due to homesickness, and the Ittas have since rented an apartment of their own. The Mellos are somewhat disappointed about their attrition rate, although not surprised about the homesickness.

"It's not like coming from another country to the United States. It's like coming from another planet," stresses Steve. "It really is so very different."

"I think the program is the only way to go because the native students who make it to college is very, very low — darn near zero," he says sadly. "There are still four going to school, and we're happy for that."

The Eskimos are also happy about the situation and say that they find City College "interesting" and that they enjoy meeting new people. Most of their new acquaintances, they point out, usually identify them as being anything from Chinese to Filipino to Spanish.

When people find out that they are American Eskimos they are often asked questions like "Were you born in the back seat of a dog sled?" and "Do you really rub noses to kiss?" Usually they answer the questions good-naturedly, remembering their own misconceptions about California.

"I thought I would see a lot of sports cars," laughs Clarence.

"I was expecting to see movie stars and high buildings," admits Marie.

Although there were some things that didn't turn out as they had expected, there were other things that exceeded their expectations — like the heat.

"We stayed in the pool trying to stay cool," remembers Clarence. "Temperatures never get above 50 degrees above zero in Barrow."

"The heat was the hardest thing for them to get adjusted to," agrees Steve. "The pace was also a change and the fact that they could see a movie every night if they wanted to. It is the whole way of life [that is different]."

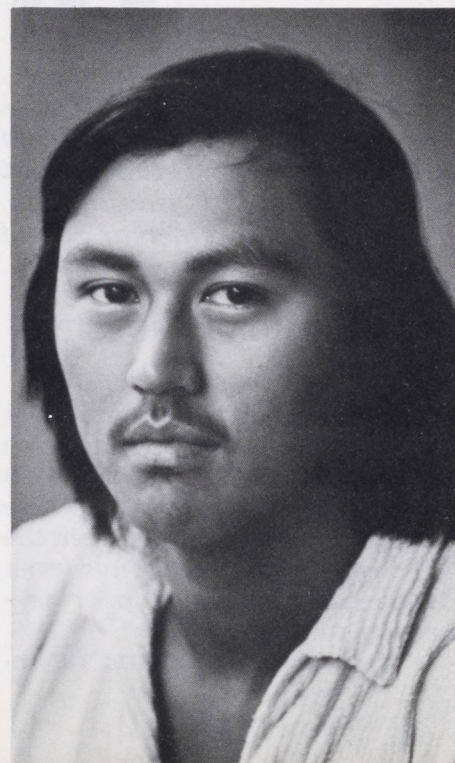
Despite the contrasts, the Eskimos have been very involved in activities at City College. Don was a runner on the cross country team, Marie was a member of the women's volleyball team and Clarence plays intramural basketball.

Miranda, who wants to be a lawyer, is the only one of the four to have chosen a major. "We need more lawyers and doctors and teachers in Barrow, and I'm going to be one of them," she says determinedly.

The hometown of which she speaks is the type of place that Californian sun-worshippers would avoid like the plague.

In this stark, but beautiful, vil-

Clarence Itta





Miranda Rexford

lage at the northernmost point of Alaska, temperatures get as low as 60 below zero during the winter, and the vast tundra is enveloped in snow throughout most of the year.

With its population of 2,800, it is the largest Eskimo village in Alaska, but the only way to get in or out is via airplane or snowmobile. That is not easy since the nearest small town, Atkasook, is 60 miles away and the nearest large city, Fairbanks, is 570 miles away.

This is not a major concern to the people of Barrow. Most have no need or desire to leave the town where they were born and raised, and expect to die.

Instead, they are concerned with preserving this type of life and in doing everything they can to harmoniously combine inevitable technology with their 8,000-year-old culture.

"The average family has six kids. The most is 17 kids in one family," explains Miranda. "Everybody knows everybody in Barrow. No secrets. Hardly. Like if I went out with some guy, people would talk, 'Look at her, she's out. Wow!' It would go out in maybe 30 minutes, and the whole town would know. Around here it's different. *Nobody* knows. People keep their business to themselves."

It took a year of living in Barrow

before Sandy and Steve felt accepted by the people. "Someone who would visit there would get the feeling of being an outsider. Some people would interpret that as a racial thing, but I think it's because lots of outsiders have come in and been trusted when they shouldn't have been," says Sandy.

According to the Eskimos, some of these untrustable "outsiders" would include the oil companies that have invaded the migrating and mating areas of several animals with the construction of the Alaskan pipeline.

"They put it right by the caribou migration," laments Miranda. "Some people are disturbed by that because not all of the caribou make it under the pipeline."

"It was supposed to provide jobs for the native people," Don points out. "But there are Irish people, Canadian people and others working on it now."

The Eskimos also feel indignant about the hunting quotas that have been placed upon their people. The Eskimos have always depended upon the whale, walrus and other animals for food. Even their name, which means "eaters of raw flesh," illustrates this fact. But in recent years the Eskimos have had to compete with commercial whaling and hunting groups to put food on their tables.

"If we didn't have the food like that, all we would do is spend the money in the stores and that gets expensive," says Marie.

"We've got to keep it [hunting] going. We can't let anything try and stop it. We won't let it stop us!" asserts Miranda.

"All of us in Barrow and in all of the other villages need it for existence, and they're saying we should get less. *They* should. They just take the oil for cosmetics and dog food and throw everything else away."

The students are disappointed about missing the whaling season this year. "It is a very important part of the culture," says Steve.

The Eskimos, like other students, were looking forward to Christmas vacation when they

could be temporarily reunited with their families in Barrow.

On Christmas day in Barrow, the townspeople gather in the village church from noon to 6 p.m. for a large feast of caribou and duck soup, Muk Tuk (the outer layer of the whale), frozen fish and whale meat and Eskimo ice cream made of caribou fat and meat.

Traditional Eskimo games play a large part in the holiday season. From Dec. 26 to Jan. 1, people of all ages participate in such games as the one and two-foot high kick, finger and neck pulling, leg wrestling, running relays and the butt walk.

The Eskimos are alternately cheerful and melancholy while reminiscing about their homeland.

They talk about the close ties between the people of Barrow, the awesome wildlife, the avid involvement in sports, the low crime rate and "cold winter nights."

Almost rhetorically, the Eskimos are asked if they miss their families and friends. Hesitatingly they look around the room at one another, smiling as if their responses would be impossible to put into words.

Finally Marie breaks the silence and answers simply, "Letters go out every day."

Don Nungasak





Photos by Joe Perfecto

A great way to see Sacramento is from the swaying seat atop a giant ferris wheel at the annual State Fair at Cal Expo. Another way is to take a leisurely tour through the older parts of town, stopping off at the century-old Governor's Mansion (opposite page), Sutter's Fort and Old Sacramento.

By COLLEEN HILKER

When you are asked what there is to "see" in Sacramento, do you find yourself replying, "Well, San Francisco is only an hour and a half's drive, and Reno and Lake Tahoe aren't too far . . ."

Shame on you! Have you ever taken the time to really *see* Sacramento? Ah-ha I thought so!

C'mon then, we'll don our Hawaiian shirts, Bermuda shorts and tennies, sling our cameras around our necks and be off to play tourist in Sacramento!

First we'll go to Sutter's Fort — you know, the place you went to with your second-grade class? Or maybe you don't remember because you were too busy being a typical second-grader — running

all over the place, driving the poor rangers crazy. Besides, the only reason you really wanted to go was to see the rangers fire the cannon.

Now that you're older and more interested in history (I hope), you will find that there is more to see at Sutter's Fort than the cannons.

It was here that James Marshall came running with the bit of shiny yellow metal in his hand and his breathless story of how he had found it gleaming in the millrace at Coloma. It was here that John Augustus Sutter, digging through a worn encyclopedia to find the proper chemical formula to test the metal, finally looked up in awe and exclaimed, "It's gold, Marshall — pure, rich gold!"

Upon entering the fort, we are handed "wands" that provide an audio tour of the fort, activated by a symbol (John Augustus Sutter's brand) at each of the displays.

You have probably already noticed something unique about the fort — it's the only place downtown that has chickens and turkeys running around loose. (What do you mean "except for the capitol?")

Anyway, back to the tour. The "wand" gives the history of the fort via narration, music, sound effects and dialogue between characters of the period.

On exhibit at the fort are displays portraying . . . Watch out! See, you bumped your head! Didn't you read the sign? It says "low door." Guess they made people shorter back then.

As I was saying, there are exhibits portraying the shops of the many craftsmen of the fort — the carpenter, the cooper (barrel maker), the tanner and the blacksmith.

The fort also contains a kitchen,

a prison, living quarters, offices and a store. With all these facilities on its grounds, it's easy to see that Sutter's dream of his fort becoming a self-sufficient frontier settlement was realized.

Oh, it's almost 11 a.m. — time for the firing of the cannon. Let's head back towards the entrance. The cannon is fired daily at 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.

First, the ranger stuffs a little foil package of black powder into the muzzle of the cannon and rams it down the barrel with a stick. He then adds some rag wadding, pokes a hole in the foil by sticking a piece of wire through a hole near the base of the cannon, pours a bit more explosive into the same hole with an old powder horn and steps back.

We all count one, two, three. He puts a flame to the powder and . . . BOOM! Why did you jump like that?

From the excited chatter following the blast, it's obvious that the best thing about a trip to Sutter's Fort is still the firing of the cannon. I guess we're all kids at heart!

Sutter's Fort is open daily from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

As we leave, we'll stop by the State Indian Museum which is adjacent to the fort.

The museum has exhibits of Indian basketry, featherwork, pottery, dress and other memorabilia.

Look at that Indian skirt made of shells. The sign says it weighs 35 pounds and was worn for dancing! What a workout that must have been!

The Indian Museum is open daily from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Next, we're going to Old Sacramento. Don't worry, we're not going to a disco!

I'm afraid that a lot of us have come to think of Old Sacramento as a series of pick-up joints, tourist shops, expensive restaurants and, generally, a place for us "natives" to stay away from, especially on the weekends.

It's just not fair! There's a lot of history in this small area which used to be the *only* Sacramento at the beginning of the Gold Rush years.

The area around the waterfront from J Street down to the freeway has been declared a State Historic Park. It is on these grounds that the State Railroad Museum is

being built and where the rebuilt Central Pacific Railway Station and Old Eagle Theatre stand.

At the railway station, we are again given "wands" which provide an audio tour of the station. This time, there is a lot of dialogue between people riding the trains in the 1800s. It makes for an interesting way to learn about the history



of the rainroad.

One such voice, speaking from the "ladies waiting room," says that the biggest problem with riding the trains is the dust which "just pervades *everything!*"

Again the displays are set up with memorabilia of the period in rooms designated as the baggage room, the ticket office and waiting rooms.

One of the most interesting displays is a personal railroad car which belonged to Lucius Beebe, well known railroad aficionado and historian.

It is furnished with beautiful antiques and has a "sitting room," dining room, bedroom, kitchen and bathroom. I wouldn't mind traveling in that, myself. How about you?

And, of course, there are the old steam engines themselves. Majestic with their tall smokestacks and their red paint, these locomotives serve as a reminder of the days when the railroad was the major form of transportation.

The station is open daily from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Across the street from the passenger station is the Old Eagle Theatre which was the *first* theatre in California. It opened on Oct. 18, 1849, and was destroyed by a flood only three months later. Through the efforts of the Junior League of Sacramento and the State of California, this wooden-canvas structure was reconstructed in 1975.

A movie about the early days of the railroad is shown in the theatre daily at noon, 2 and 4 p.m. Live plays are presented on weekends.

Now we'll walk down to the corner of Second and J streets to the B. F. Hastings Building.

Benjamin F. Hastings completed the building in 1853. He opened up his bank in the corner section and rented part of the ground floor to W. Meyer & Company and L. Herzog & Company, both clothing merchants.

In 1854 Wells Fargo & Company (they were mainly into stagecoach lines back then) moved into the last ground-floor space.



Photos by Joe Perfecto

A solarization effect produced this dramatic photograph of the state capitol before reconstruction on it started in 1975. The building, which is considered by many to be one of the most beautiful in the country, is predicted to be finished around mid-1981. Tours of the east wing are conducted during the weekdays.

Today, Wells Fargo Bank occupies part of the ground level of the building, the rest being a visitors' information center and a history of communication exhibit.

the second floor of the Hastings Building housed the Supreme Court from 1855-1857 and from 1859-1869. It has been restored to look as it did when it served as the courtroom and offices of the justices of the Supreme Court.

Isn't the old courtroom beautiful? It gives you a feeling of "justice being served" even though it's no longer in use.

There is a free historic tour of Old Sacramento on Tuesdays through Fridays at 10 and 11 a.m. and at 1, 2, 3 and 4 p.m. The tour takes you

from the Old Eagle Theatre to the Supreme Court Chambers and lasts 45 minutes.

On to the Governor's Mansion! The mansion at 16th and H streets was the official residence of 13 California governors from 1877 to 1968.

Ronald Reagan was the last governor to live in the mansion, and he lived there for only three months.

The mansion is now a State Historic Park. It is open to the public for tours which are conducted every half-hour daily from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. with the last one being at 4:30 p.m.

There aren't any "wands" here; a tour guide will take us through the mansion.

The tour gives us sometimes humorous glimpses of our governors' lives. The guide tells of Governor Stephens' wife deciding to have the rich mahogany sliding doors painted because the brown wood was "too depressing and old fashioned." So what color did she pick? Would you believe "dove gray?"

Then there's the "petticoat mirrors" which were put in front of the fireplaces during warm weather so that when the women walked by they could check to see if their slips were showing.

The clincher, though, has to be the clawfoot bathtub on the second floor to which Jerry Brown's younger sister, Catherine, added red toenail polish.

So that concludes our tour of the state historic parks of Sacramento. But wait! Don't go home yet! That is, by no means, all the "sights" of our fair city.

We can't forget about the capitol. After all, Sacramento is the capital city of California you know! You didn't know? Where did you say you went to school?

Well, anyway, although the old capitol is under reconstruction (scheduled to be finished around the mid 1800's), the annex or east wing of the capitol, which is where the State Assembly and Senate are presently meeting is open for tours.

Tours are conducted Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 a.m. and at 1:30 p.m.

At the entrance to the capitol is a special exhibit explaining the extensive restoration, which, when completed, will have cost at least \$64 million. Also located on the lower level of the building is a series of 58 glassed-in displays, one for each county in California.

The capitol is surrounded by a 40-acre park featuring more than 400 varieties and species of trees and shrubs from around the world.

The tour starts in the Governor's Office although, as the guide mentions, almost all of the first floor is

the governor's office! Specifically, we find ourselves in the governor's council room where meetings and press conferences are held. Hanging on the walls around the rooms are paintings and photographs done by state workers from various departments.

Next, we go into the Assembly Chambers. The guide explains that all voting in the Assembly is done electronically, and he shows us the buttons on each of the desks and the panels in the front of the room where the votes are recorded.

The tour guide also explains that all the desks in the Assembly Chambers were made by Mr. Breuner (does the name sound familiar?) who immigrated to the United States from Germany with Levi Strauss, another familiar name.

We cross the hallway into the Senate Chambers and notice a marked difference in the two rooms. Gone are the simple wooden chairs and desks. They are replaced by blue upholstered chairs and desks equipped with microphones. The microphones are necessary because in the Senate, voting is still done by oral roll call.

We are then taken upstairs to

look at pictures of all the Assembly and Senate members. Then the guide encourages all of us to visit the offices of our representatives, tells us that if we wish to purchase bricks from the old capitol for 50 cents each we may do so, and that's the end of the tour.

Hey, wait! Where are you going? I was just joking! Oh well, I had only one more place to take you to anyway, and it's the one place you probably have already been — like thousands of other Sacramentans and non-Sacramentans. It's Cal Expo, of course, the site of the annual California State Fair during the last week in August and the first two weeks in September.

The State Fair probably attracts more "real" tourists than all of Sacramento's other sights. As well as the fair, harness and horseback racing, concerts, auto racing and various exhibits are scheduled at Cal Expo throughout the year.

So, now that you've been to some of Sacramento's sights, hopefully when people ask you what there is to "see" in Sacramento, you won't send them out of town!



Tourists get a big bang out of watching the cannon being fired at Sutter's Fort. This group of third-graders eagerly watch the ranger perform the exciting and ear-piercing feat.

Ceramicist 'For The Moment'

By PAT BRAWLEY

The gentle, shy woman in a dusty ceramics studio at California State University, Sacramento, is one of the finest artists in California.

Although her art is very expressive, Ruth Rippon herself seems to be ill at ease when discussing anything but art. She twists in her chair, winds the telephone cord around her fingers and beseeches the ceiling for help.

She prefers to let her art speak for her. It is a form of expression she has been employing since her days as a painting student at City College where a strong art faculty developed in her a keen interest in

problems of design and color.

After she transferred to California College of Arts and Crafts in Oakland, she took ceramics classes from Antonio Prieto and sculpture from Elah Hale Hayes to fulfill graduation requirements and began a lifelong involvement with clay.

Ric Hugo, political cartoonist at the Sacramento Bee and her former classmate, remembers Rippon there. "The first year we had a watercolor class together, she was a very, very quiet, shy little girl. Then a couple of years later, she got into the sculpture and just blossomed. It was like she had found herself.

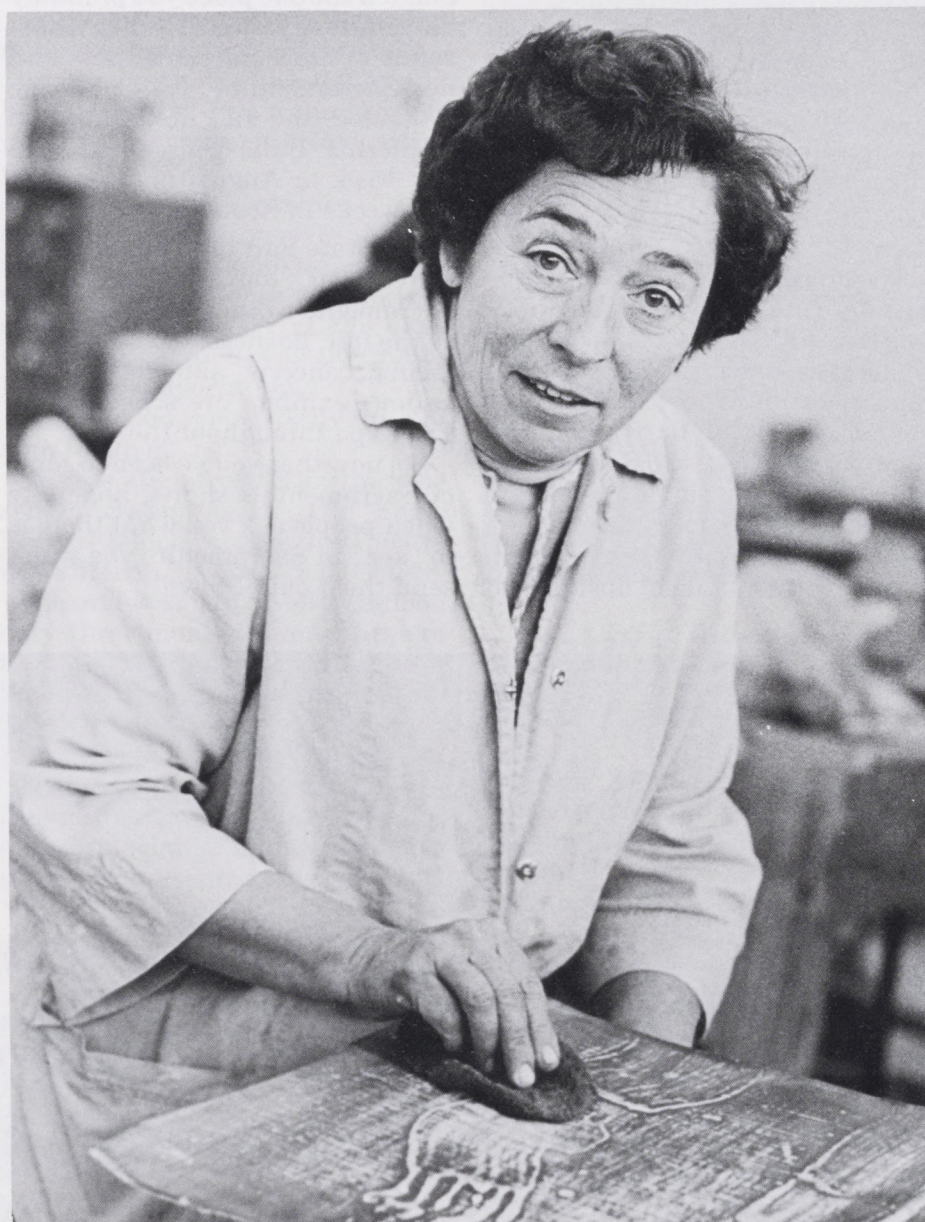
"I still think of her as a sculptor, and I think she gets that good solid base for her ceramics from her studies in sculpture," he continues.

Rippon gained almost immediate recognition as a ceramicist. She had work accepted for national shows in Kansas and New York the year she was graduated.

She eventually received a masters of fine arts degree in ceramics and went on to San Francisco School of Fine Arts for a year's graduate study on a ceramics scholarship. A one-woman show at Gump's in San Francisco followed.

During her college years, she learned that a ceramicist must be patient. "Working in clay develops patience. Wedging and throwing a piece only takes about a half hour, but then waiting for it to dry and trimming it are a matter of several days, maybe a week, and then there is a high mortality rate."

Her one-woman show at Co-operative Art Gallery last



Photos by Shirley Meeker

In her studio, Ruth Rippon demonstrates the sgraffito technique for which she is well known. First she glazes and fires a piece a solid, smooth color like white. Then she covers that with a darker color like black or dark blue. Next she scratches away the dark color in places so that the underlying white shows through and becomes the background color for the figures.

month showed the results of her talent, skill and patience. Perhaps the best example was a free-standing, sculpture-like piece called "Woman in a New Hat" which caught the attention of local art reviewers.

When asked how she managed to support the arms of the piece, she replies, "Oh, that isn't the way it's made. It's really made of 10 separate pieces that are all made on a potter's wheel and then fused together."

The technique, she says, is a little tricky. "The head, hat, neck, breasts and arms are separate pieces. So I must visualize them first and make sure of the scale before I throw them."

She says that if the pieces are fitted together properly, they shouldn't crack during firing although that sometimes happens. "I was lucky with this particular piece, but you never know until it's out of the last firing if it's going to 'live.'"

When asked why she prefers clay to paint, she objects, "But I don't really. I just happen to be doing ceramics at the moment and have been for the last 30 years. I intend to do more painting and decrease clay as I get older. Painting is a lot easier physically."

She points out that making some of the large discs for which she is noted is physically demanding work. Some of the pieces are so big she needs help to move them. The last one she made weighed 75 pounds as a finished piece. When it was wet, it weighed about three times as much.

"Maybe it's only a fantasy," she muses, "but I do intend to get back to painting. For the last 10 years, I've been doing more drawings and that may be the beginning of an interest. It may lead to more painting. I do a few watercolors now, and I'd like to get into oils too."

For the present, though, she is continuing to perfect her own style and techniques and to try to

develop in her students at California State University some of her own craftsmanship.

When she first started teaching at the university in 1956, she shared a room with the sculpture classes. Now there are three full-time ceramics instructors, three rooms and about 200 students a semester.

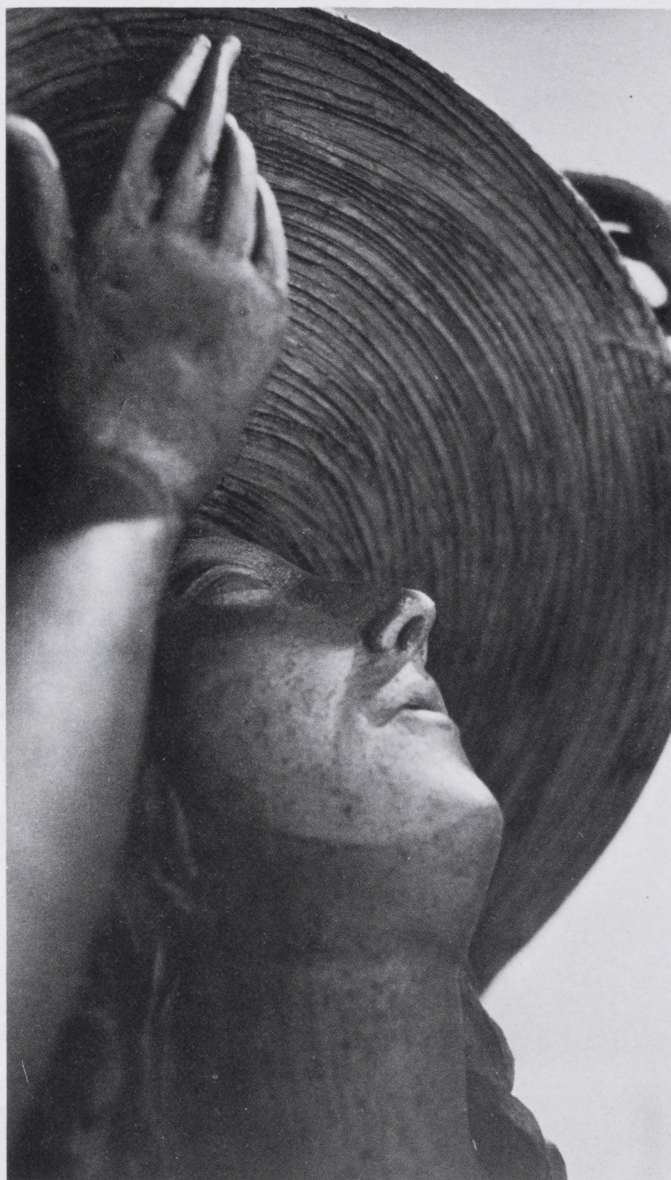
She finds some techniques, such as sgraffito, difficult to teach to her students if they don't understand how to use negative (or empty) space to balance positive (or filled) space.

"For those students I recommend that they take some drawing classes so they can learn better how to use space," she says.

Teaching has been a rewarding experience for her, she says, especially when she finds people who pick up on clay as a lifework, which doesn't happen often. "But there are some marvelous people who come through here. I'm pleased when I see them doing good work, teaching and showing."

Despite her busy teaching schedule, Rippon has had four one-person shows at the Cooperative Art Gallery and her work regularly appears at Cal Expo and Creative Arts League shows. She no longer sends much work to national shows.

"There aren't as many national shows now as there used to be. There just isn't enough money to set them up and print the catalogues," she explains. The cost of packing and shipping has also risen sharply in recent years.



The ceramic sculpture, "Woman in a New Hat," constructed from 10 separate thrown pieces fused together, was one of the highlights of Ruth Rippon's recent one-woman show at the Artists Contemporary Gallery.

As acknowledgement of her achievement, Crocker Art Gallery had a retrospective show of her work in 1971 with 215 ceramic pieces, 27 drawings and 31 sketches.

Whenever she shows her work, it is snapped up quickly by eager collectors. About half of the pieces in her most recent show were sold on opening night.

Maybe at her next show they will be able to pick up pieces by that talented new painter in town — Ruth Rippon.



Photo by Susie Gow

*To be, or not to be — that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them.*

— William Shakespeare: Hamlet I.ii.

Socrates did it with hemlock and a group of good friends nearby. Marilyn Monroe did it with barbiturates and nobody by her side.

But regardless of how it's done, suicide is suicide, and it has stayed virtually unchanged through the ages. Until recently.

Never before have there been so many college students asking themselves the ultimate question, perhaps best expressed by Shakespeare — "To be or not to be?" And never before have there been so many college students who

250,000 other people who try, but fail, at suicide.

Dr. Marv Miller, a consultant in suicidology based in San Diego, says that suicide was second only to accidents as the most common cause of death on American campuses last year.

In 1955, the suicide rate for people 20 through 24 was 5.6 per 100,000; by 1965, the rate had risen to 8.9 per 100,000; by 1975, it had escalated to 16.5 per 100,000.

With the suicide rate among young people almost tripling in 20 years, it seems that there is a near epidemic of self-destructive behavior in the United States. Some people are even questioning whether college can be hazardous to one's health since students there have at least a 50 percent greater chance of dying by suicide than do people in the same age group who don't attend college.

Why are so many of the young, the

So Much To Live For?

By TRINDA PASQUET

respond to this question with the most fatal of answers — death.

According to a study conducted at Wayne State University and the University of Massachusetts, Boston, 15 percent of college students report having attempted suicide. In Sacramento, alone, the average suicide rate is more than 2.5 per week.

The subject is a perplexing one that is saturated with myths and stigmas. When people are approached by a despondent friend or relative who suggests that he or she may be thinking of saying a last farewell the response is usually "But you have so much to live for!" or "This, too, shall pass."

Unfortunately, to the approximately 10,000 Americans between the ages of 15 and 34 who take their own lives every year, these clichés provide little relief. And they are not likely to help the

rich and the smart wanting to end it all?

Unable to endure the pressure of a highly competitive, success-oriented society, many college students crack under the stress.

Others are grieving over a loss — a loss of love, a loss of human contact or even a loss of face.

Still others express a profound sense of personal inadequacy and worthlessness.

Michael Chiechi, executive director of Sacramento's Suicide Prevention Service, agrees that collegiate pressure to succeed is a main contributing factor to suicide, "There is the constant bombardment of 'Gee, there's no jobs in your field. Why are you doing that?'"

"Traditionally we've seen advancing suicide with advancing age. Over the last few years the shift has been to a lower age group. So now people in their 20s



Photo by Gary Bennett

in Sacramento County make up the group with the highest rate of suicide."

Interpersonal relationships are the problems most frequently addressed to the agency. "More globally than that, there is one thread which runs through most suicides which is emotional isolation. People feel that there is no one that they can open up to and that they can share their feelings, their pain, their fears with," he explains.

This type of emotional isolation to most people seems distant and somewhat foreign. It happens to the people they read about in the paper and see on television but never to the guy next door or their tennis partner at school. Not so.

In the last seven years, two people have killed themselves on the City College campus by ramming their cars at high speed into a concrete wall at Hughes Stadium.

The first suicide was committed by 16-year-old Lillian Mee Wong on June 19, 1972. Wong, according to the coroner's deputies, had become depressed about dropping out of the University of California at Berkeley and about not being able to find steady employment.

Acceleration marks ended 146 feet from the wall. Apparently Wong had had second thoughts.

The second suicide occurred on Feb. 18, 1974, when Philip A. Alva, a 17-year-old student at Kennedy High School, ended his life in the same way as his girlfriend watched helplessly.

Alva, who was upset because the girl wished to discontinue their relationship, led her out of the car by her arm when she refused to get out, reentered the auto, drove a couple of circles around her and called as he passed, "Remember, baby, I still love you." He then proceeded to drive into the wall. In his case, no brake or skid marks were left.

Of course, not everyone who *attempts* suicide actu-

ally succeeds. In fact, estimates of people who are alive today after attempting suicide range anywhere from two to seven million, and some experts believe there may be as many as 50 attempts for every successful suicide.

"The mere fact that somebody calls Suicide Prevention Service is, in itself, an expression of a note of ambivalence, that there is a part of that person who would like to find another option other than death to get out of the mire of pain and despondency that they find themselves in," says Chiechi.

Too often friends, relatives and associates fail to heed the messages that a suicidal person gives, causing the individual to resort to the 160 suicide hotlines scattered throughout the country.

Despite the crucial role that these agencies play in preventing suicides, such crisis hotlines would be largely unnecessary if more people were aware of the clues which signal a potential suicide.

Suicide attempts among students are usually foreshadowed by changes in behavior, such as depression, inability to concentrate, a drastic drop in grades, anti-social behavior, the giving away of valued possessions, the sudden ending of a relationship with a spouse or lover and the frequent mention of death.

When several of these danger signals are apparent, friends should contact the student health or counseling service, a crisis center or a community mental health center as quickly as possible.

"There's a lot of help out there," assures Chiechi. "To me, it makes no more sense to avoid seeing a counselor than it would to not go and get a broken arm set.

"I believe that if somebody can make contact with the person to help that spark of ambivalence that wants to cling to life, many lives could be saved. Suicide *can* be prevented."

WINNERS

(even when they lose)

*Winning isn't everything to City College's baseball team — it's the **only** thing.*

By BRIAN WONG

Baseball, hot dogs and apple pie mean America to many.

Baseball, pro players and Coach Jerry Weinstein mean City College to many others.

Weinstein is the man in charge of the college's most successful athletic program. In his five years here, he has coached 30 players who have gone on to enter professional ball.

"There's no question the man loves baseball," says athletic director Richard Pierucci.

Fielding good baseball teams has been a tradition at City College. Pros like Larry Bowa, Ken Forsch, Bob Forsch and Larry Wolfe went from the college to major league fame back in the late 60s.

But the 70s have seen an even greater number of players drafted and college scholarships offered.

How has Weinstein been able to

produce 30 professional players in five years?

He says there are four secrets for success. Number One is organization. Players who come to City College can expect to work year-round. Weinstein drills his players through a summer of informal workouts. There is a weight program and a baseball theory class.

His men spend the fall playing in a winter league, something Weinstein learned from his earlier coaching days in Southern California where "they all play during the winter."

Secret Number Two is "putting in time to get the job done right.

"Baseball is a game of reaction... instinctive reaction," explains Weinstein. "We drill and work hard. We don't go out to play catch and roll balls around."

Panthers drill on practicing cut-offs, relays, bunt defenses and pick-offs — the techniques they'll need at the start of the season in March.

A good skill teacher is Secret Number Three, and Weinstein gives himself high marks for being that.

While he was only an "average" catcher in high school and college, Weinstein has been a stand-out teacher since he started coaching Little League and American Legion teams when he was only 15.

In his first full-time coaching assignment at Pioneer High School in Whittier, he led his club

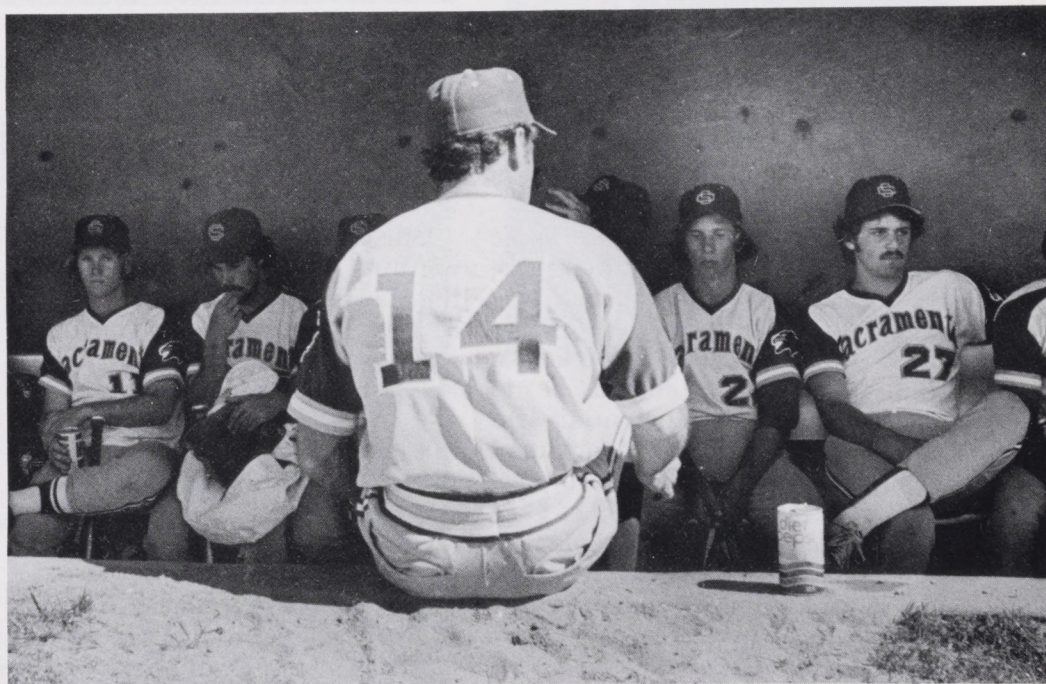


Photo by Marjorie Yee

"Practice makes perfect" is Coach Jerry Weinstein's philosophy on baseball. Last spring these players had the dugout blues when even practice did not help them win the second of a best-of-two-out-of-three-games playoff series against San Joaquin Delta College.

to the semi-finals in the Southern California Interscholastic Federation section. During his next three years at Santa Monica High School, two titles and a second place came his way. He was an assistant at successful Los Angeles Valley College before applying at City College.

Weinstein surrounds himself with top-notch assistants like Paul Carmazzi and Stu Bryant. Carmazzi, outfielders coach, is intelligent and "takes time to find out what the game's all about," according to his boss.

Weinstein credits infielders/hitters coach Bryant with being "the best handler of people in town. He gets things across and is a tireless worker."

Weinstein and his staff agree that the key to baseball is repetition and keeping it simple.

Weinstein tries to develop his men into complete players. An individual's goal should be to achieve maximum potential, win or lose, according to Weinstein, who also preaches that "perfect practices make one perfect."

Weinstein believes in playing hard baseball and putting the ball in play. Pitchers must throw strikes. Players must run bases well. A club must have great team spirit.

"He enjoys working diligently with people," comments Pierucci. "He gives fundamentals and likes to see success in people."



By the time the season starts, Weinstein has had adequate time to evaluate his players. This is his fourth and final secret.

His office has two shelves of baseball books next to his City College batting helmet, and he works to instill in his players a technical knowledge of the game, "knowing what's right from wrong."

One of the things that is right is winning. Weinstein's Panthers have losing seasons about as often as an earthquake hits San Francisco.

The reputation of City College is so top-notch that many outstanding players — some from outside the Sacramento area — come to what has been called a minor league farm club to wear the burgundy and gold for a year or two.

One such player is former Kennedy High School pitcher Bill Barry. Barry pitched two no-hitters in his senior year to make a few scouts open their eyes, but he wasn't drafted.

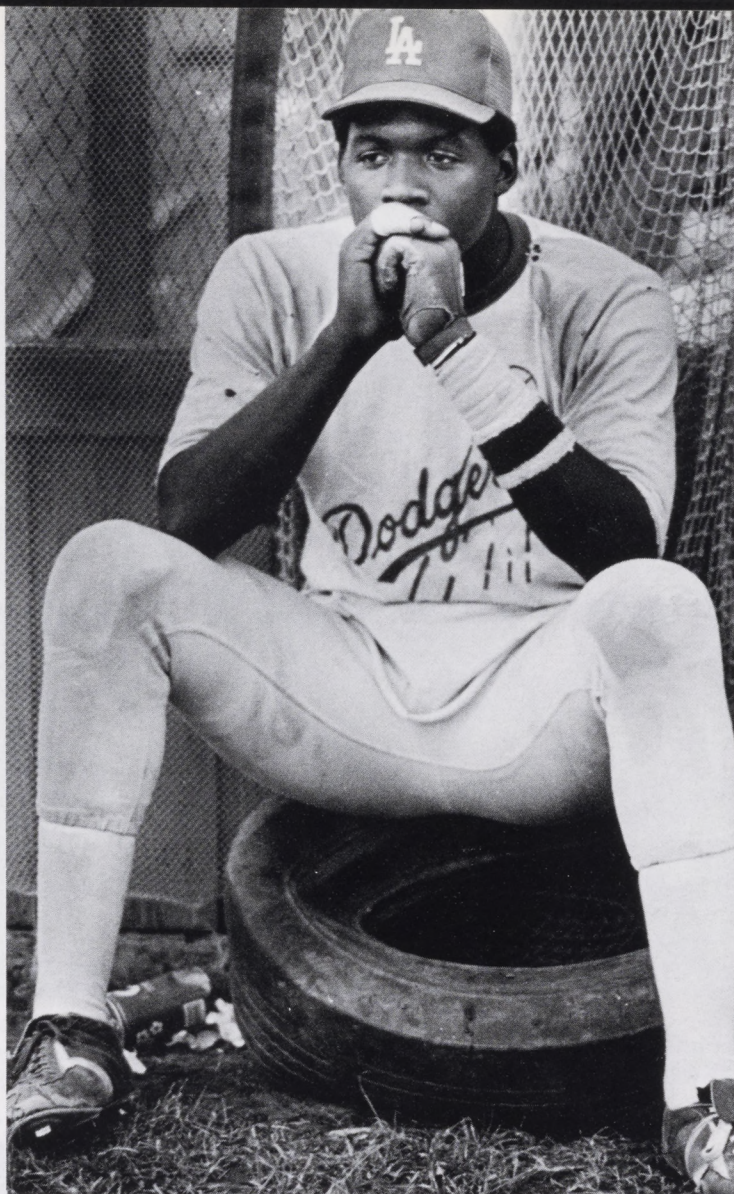
"The New York Yankees were thinking about drafting me in high

school," says Barry, "but they said they wanted to see me in college ball. So they referred me to City College and Jerry Weinstein."

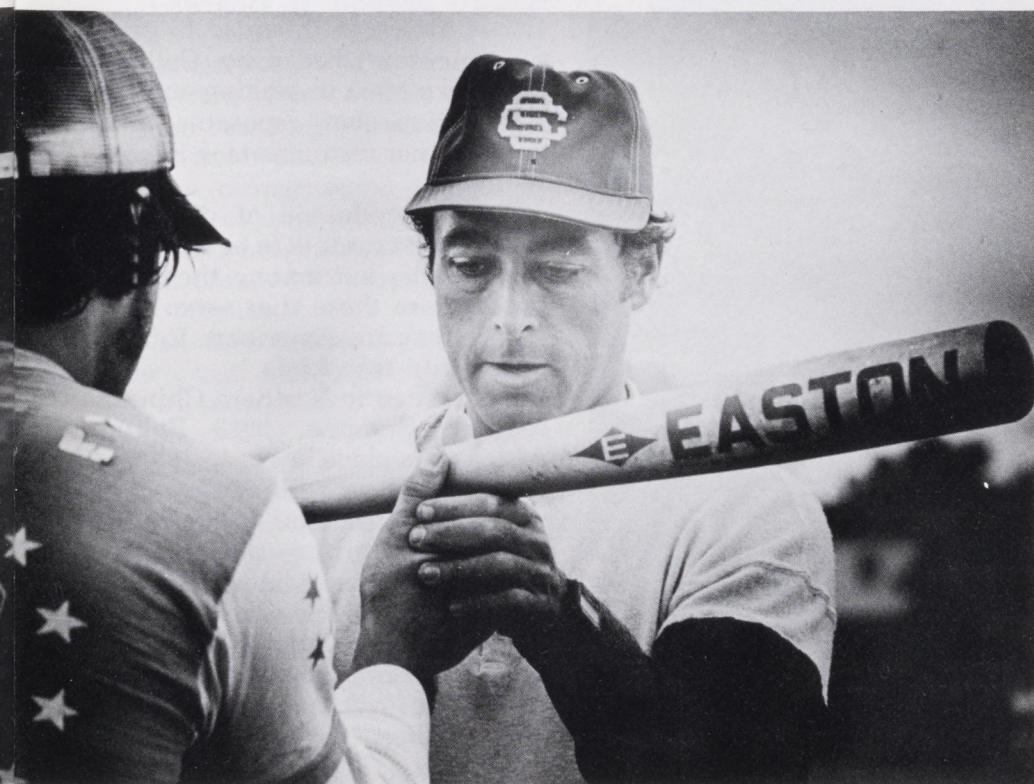
The Panthers' diamond hopes for this upcoming season will ride on the arms of Barry and his fellow hurlers.

Although young, the team has good speed, excellent catching and some power, according to Weinstein. "We have good position players, but our question mark is how far the pitching comes. If the pitchers throw strikes, we'll be very good."

If history repeats itself, those pitchers will probably have the umpires raising their right hands a lot this season.



Baseball is a year-round activity for some. Ken Dowell (far left) dives back to first base to avoid being tagged during a winter league game against San Joaquin Delta College. Roy McDaniels (left) takes a break from practice to contemplate his baseball future. Coach Jerry Weinstein (lower left) instructs a player on the proper grip for bunting.



**Photos By
Marjorie Yee,
Greg Clark
and Evan Yee**



Photos by Wayne Eng

Cheers! These students are toasting the delicious food served at Pava's restaurant in downtown Sacramento. They, like other students, are finding that they don't have to be rich or have friends in the restaurant business to enjoy a good meal in an attractive setting.

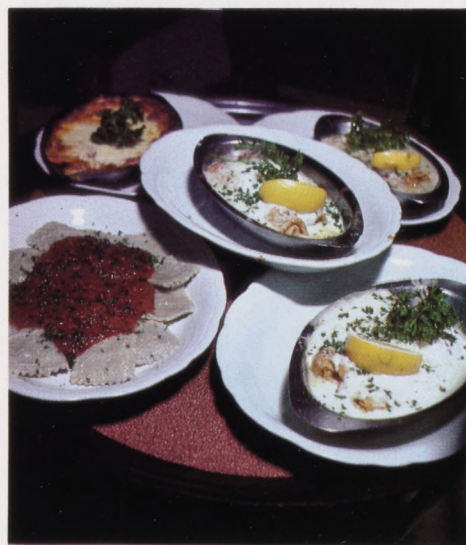
Students Can Eat Well Too!

By CAROLE DODDS

An unexplained myth about the eating habits of students holds that they seldom eat anything more nutritious than a Twinkie or go anywhere more classy than Taco Bell.

They have been called such names as "junk food junkies," "hostess hoarders" and "soft drink addicts." Their diet has been compared unfavorably with that of a dog.

No one seems to know exactly why students eat the way they do. Perhaps their taste buds are not yet fully developed. Or maybe they feel they must live up to their reputations and hang out at McDonald's. Or maybe they just don't know where to go to get tantalizing taste sensations that don't burn a hole in their Levis.



Cannelloni, fettucine, ravioli and lasagna — those are the favorites at Americo's which specializes in Northern Italian cuisine. The abundant main courses are preceded by antipasto.

This article is intended to give poor malnourished City College students a start in seeking out the inexpensive, but reputable and tasty, dinner restaurants in Sacramento.

There are dozens of different kinds of restaurants to be found in Sacramento, but among the most popular are those that serve Chinese, Mexican, American, Italian and health-type foods.

For authentic Northern Chinese cookery, Sampan, 2813 Fulton Ave., is the place to go.

Bordon Liu and Daisy How, the owners, opened their business in 1975, and since then have expanded into an adjacent area.

Ordering at Sampan seems almost like the decision of a lifetime. There are more than 85 a la carte items on the menu, including spicy chicken, chicken with black bean sauce, braised bean curd,

broccoli with oyster sauce, ginger shrimp and spicy whole fish. But there's really no need to worry about what to order since everything is sure to be superb!

To simplify the decision-making problem, this reporter and photographer chose the \$14 Sampan dinner for two which consists of sizzling rice soup (which really sizzles), spring rolls and steam dumplings, cashewnut chicken, curry shrimp, barbeque-pork fried rice, tea, cookies and almond bean curd.

All this was eaten in a very oriental looking dining room with red tablecloths and colorful hanging lamps. Waiters were always at hand to cater to customers' needs in a gracious and pleasant fashion.

One of Sampan's trademarks is the firepot, in which customers cook meat and vegetables over an open fire. This can be ordered only by four or more people and costs \$12 per person.

For dessert, there is a choice of almond cream bean curd, mandarin glazed banana, flaming banana or litchi ice cream.

All of the prices are reasonable; you can dine there for as little as \$5.25 per person.

Larry's Pepper Mill, 6010 Stockton Blvd., has been fulfilling the cravings of thousands of Mexican-food lovers for more than 16 years. It has a lunch counter in the front for those in a hurry and a spacious dining room with mirrors and paintings of Spanish matadors for those wanting a leisurely meal.

Lawrence H. Iniquez, manager of the restaurant and City College graduate, says, "I believe we've stayed in business for so long because of our reasonable prices and family-style atmosphere."

The dinner menu includes such dishes as beef steak a la Chicana which is beef cubes in a tomato puree with onion, bell peppers, spices and two tortillas.

Another dinner special is a beef taco, beef enchilada and beef tamale — all outstanding for \$4.55.

Sacramento's finest for a top-notch, all-American dinner is The Big Yellow House, 1788 Tribute Road.

Although this isn't a family-run restaurant, it almost seems as if you are going to Grandma's house when you dine there.

The huge Victorian is decorated in 1800s style. Walls are covered with portraits and landscapes. The furniture is Victorian, and most of the windows are stained glass.

There is no menu. You will always be served fried chicken, fresh vegetables, mashed potatoes with gravy, green salad, soup of the day and lots of cornbread with honey butter (which is out of this world). There is a second entree that changes daily.

All of the food is "like Grandmother used to make."

Although The Big Yellow House has been in Sacramento for only two years, it has received rave reviews from critics and the public. Accordingly, although it can accommodate up to 230 people, it is advisable to get reservations.

One of the best Italian restaurants is Americo's, 2000 Capitol Ave. Both owners, Paul D'alessandro and Jackson Leong, attribute the restaurant's success to their authentic Italian food.



This elegant foyer greet guests as they enter The Big Yellow House. The sweeping staircase and stunning chandelier bring back the Victorian era and add grace to the family-style dining.

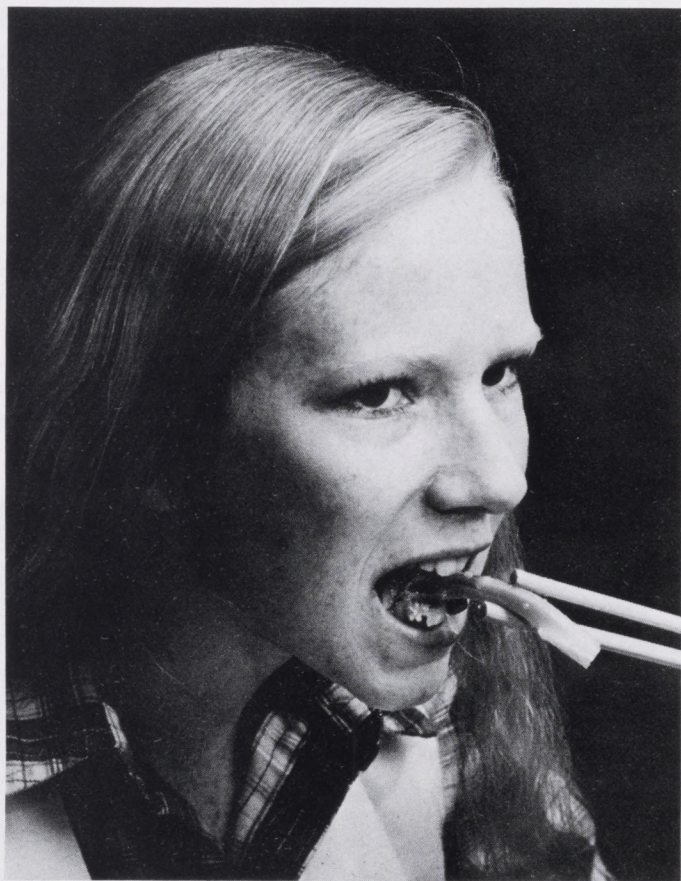


Photo by Evan Yee

Sampan restaurant customers should be willing to try something new—chopsticks instead of knives and forks and entrees far removed from the standard meat and potatoes. Reporter Carole Dodds decided she liked both the chopsticks and new dishes after her first tentative trials.

"We prepare everything from scratch," says Leong. "We even make our own pasta, and everything is cooked in pure olive oil."

The inside of the restaurant is dominated by a giant mural that covers one of the walls. It was done by Dick Morisa and took nine months to complete.

Americo's is the type of restaurant to go to if you really want a night out and want to splurge. Although the prices are a bit higher than those of the other establishments, the food and atmosphere are well worth it.

I ordered Cotolette ala Pizzaiola, which is veal cutlet with tomato sauce and topped with mozzarella cheese. The photographer ordered Spaghetti al Sugo Picarne with meat sauce.

You may order an item a la carte or as a complete dinner which comes with minestrone soup, salad, antipasto (including marinated cauliflower, carrots, celery, green olives, hot peppers and garbanzo beans), French bread and pasta with meat sauce with some entrees.

Some other items on the menu are cannelloni, which are crepes stuffed with turkey, spinach, cheese with cream or cream and cheese sauce for \$6.50;

homemade ravioli filled with meat, spinach and cheese for \$6.50; and calamari fritti, which translated into squid floured and pan fried for \$8, for the real daring type. It's served only on Friday.

There is a wide variety of desserts. Reservations are taken only for eight or more people.

Catering to today's emphasis on healthy and natural foods is Pava's, 2330 K St. It offers not only delicious and satisfying food but food that is free of preservatives and chemicals which are almost unavoidable in most of today's food.

Pava's atmosphere is warm and cozy with its many hanging plants, picture mirrors and tablecloths. The waitresses and waiters check often to be sure that all your dining needs are being met.

Pava's has something for everyone, vegetarian or meat-eater. Among its favorites in the non-vegetarian category are fresh red snapper almondine for \$5.50 and shrimp scampi with brown rice and garlic butter for \$6.95.

In the vegetarian category, there are an absolutely superb stuffed baked zucchini topped with melted cream cheese for \$4.75, an eggplant parmesan for \$4.50 and steamed garden vegetables in a cheese velouté with a blanket of brown rice for \$4.50.

Pava's offers an array of sandwiches and salads, including avocado and cheddar cheese, egg salad and cucumbers, stuffed avocado with marinated Bay shrimp and vegetarian chef's salad.

Manager Carol Lustbaum Taylor says that many people come in simply for Pava's homemade desserts. "Our carrot cake with cream cheese frosting is a big seller, but we also have honey cheesecake, pie of the day, baklava and vanilla frozen yogurt," she points out.

Pava's has been in business for two years and has accumulated hundreds of satisfied customers. "I feel people come back because of our pleasant waitresses and waiters and the casual atmosphere," comments Taylor.

Well, there they are, just a sampling of some of Sacramento's finest dining spots, and all of these restaurants have one thing in common — they serve excellent food at a price which won't drive you to robbing a bank afterwards.

So go out and try all these new and different kinds of food. What could you lose? Actually, the question is what could you gain? But what are a few pounds when you're in sheer heaven!



Behind The Illusions

The theatre is the world of illusion, and part of that illusion is created by makeup artists who turn boys into old men, attractive young women into aged crones and average looking actors into glamorous stars.

By LARAIN HUBBARD

The term "stage makeup" brings to mind Boris Karloff as Frankenstein, Lon Chaney as the Phantom of the Opera, Bette Davis as Baby Jane, and other brilliant performances that were enhanced by the work of makeup artists.

Few of those who enroll in Jerry Sutherland's two stage makeup classes at City College want to become such professional makeup artists, but they watch attentively as he takes on the demanding task of transforming Terry Krawczyk, a young female, into a wretched old hag with a little help from his tray of makeup and utensils.

The casual visitor is distracted by her image reflected off the three walls of mirrors that are bordered with naked light bulbs, but they are necessary for the skillful artist who is applying the makeup.

Deft touches of light and shadow, short and long lines, gradually etch wrinkles, pouches and bags on Krawczyk.

Occasionally Sutherland turns to a plastic replica of a skull near at hand to point to the bone structure and hollows to illustrate his techniques and choice of materials as he works.

Sutherland says that audiences accept the need, but don't have a full appreciation of the demands of stage makeup used on actors in the theatre and films.

"An excellent example of this is the role that Dustin Hoffman played in 'Little Big Man,' in which he ages from a young boy to a man

over 100 years old. That makeup took approximately six hours a day," he explains.

"A great deal of work was involved initially, taking the impressions of Dustin Hoffman's face, making the plaster casts," he explains.

But why is there need for stage makeup if the actors are portraying plain, ordinary folks near their own ages?

"The answer is simple," Sutherland says. "The stage is a distance away from the audience and is brightly lit for vision. These factors tend to nullify features and expressions, and so makeup emphasizes any needed characteristics and compensates for the brightness of the lighting."

Sutherland has been in many amateur productions himself and knows the importance of makeup first-hand.

While a student, he had to portray an elderly man, complete with a beard, in one of his college's productions. At that time he did not have a beard; so it took him two hours before each performance to put on his makeup.

"The male actor does not object to the application of makeup because he knows that it is important to the production, but I remember a few male general education students through the years who never could get used to the idea," laughs Sutherland.

Krawczyk finally has a chance to take a long look at herself in the mirror and exclaims, "Ugh! Is that what I'll look like when I get old?"



Photos by Cheryl Nuss

Jerry Sutherland, stage makeup instructor, made this young woman (Terry Krawczyk) grow old before her time. He was demonstrating in one of his classes how to use stage makeup to age a young actress for a role as an old hag. The entire application took 45 minutes. Sutherland points out that some jobs take more or less time.

Engine innards and the soaring heights of the wild blue yonder are the realms of City College's aeronautics program, one of the best in the state. It turns out graduates who are sought after in many fields and are well prepared for anything which flies their way.

By JOHN PLAIN

"Students come from all over the country to get into our program," says Bill Robinson about the City College aeronautics department in which he teaches.

Before they can enroll, students must be interviewed by staff members. Approximately 125 are interviewed every semester and about 100 are accepted into the program.

Graduates of the program receive airframe and powerplant certificates which authorize them to work on and release aircraft for flight.

The program at City College, generally regarded as one of the best in the state, "is very demanding" even in the eyes of the faculty.

Students soon learn there is no

spare time but there is plenty of opportunity to gain a wide range of experience in aviation technical maintenance and to learn how to fly.

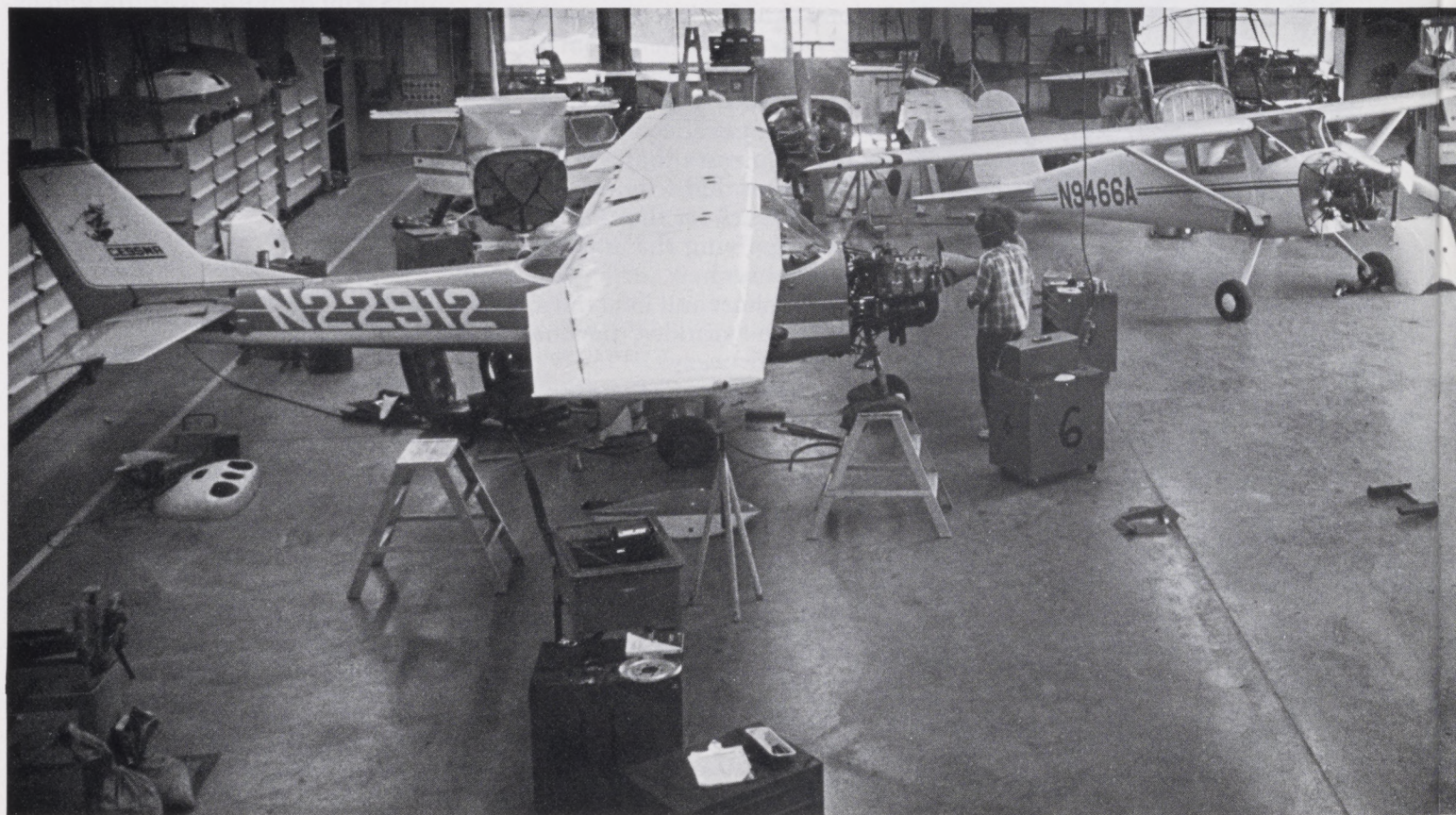
The program offers its students the expertise and assistance of 12 staff members and a wide variety of aviation machinery to work on and learn from.

"There is no place in California that can compare with us in terms of available equipment," says Robinson.

Much of the machinery has been purchased at a considerable discount through a special arrangement with the government.

"The federal government turns over to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare any excess aviation machinery to be sold to

THE PROGRAM THAT SUCCEEDS WITH FLYING COLORS



whoever needs it," Robinson explains. "Using school surplus money, we are able to obtain otherwise expensive machinery at a much lower cost.

"We have been able to buy a \$100,000 engine for only \$350," says Robinson.

Nor is that the only bargain the department has found. It bought a \$5,000 airplane for only \$1,000.

"We could not exist without school surplus money or this program," Robinson stresses.

The Federal Aviation Administration requires students in the program to complete 1,920 hours of aviation training to qualify for its examination. Students spend two hours a day in lecture and another four hours working on projects.

During the first semester, they learn about sheet metal work techniques and the basic principles of electricity. The second semester involves, among other things, engine accessory overhaul and engine build-up.

During the third semester, the students are introduced to hydraulics, refrigeration systems, aircraft fabric and aircraft rigging.

The fourth and final semester is the most important to the students. Their time is spent at the City College hangar at the Executive Airport.

There they receive on-the-job training in flight line maintenance, weight and balance, Federal Aviation Administration regulations and aircraft inspection.

At the end of their fourth semester, aeronautics students are prepared for the Federal Aviation Admin-

istration examination.

"The FAA examination is composed of a written, an oral and a practical examination," Robinson explains. "Each student must get at least a 70 on each phase of the testing."

In addition to the required curriculum, there are various field trips to view a wide variety of maintenance facilities at San Francisco International Airport, NASA Ames Research Laboratory in Palo Alto and Mather Air Force Base.

As for the overall experience of the City College aeronautics staff,

Planes are always in a state of semi-repair in the aeronautics building at the northeast corner of the campus because students are learning maintenance skills by dismantling and reassembling critical parts.



Photos by Susie Gow

Dennis Noble, City College aeronautics instructor, keeps his eyes on the city of Woodland passing beneath his plane.

the figures are impressive. "Most have worked a minimum of seven years in the aviation industry," points out Robinson, "and all but two are graduates of this college."

One of those two is Luther Lee. Prior to coming to City College, Lee spent 32 years in the industry repairing, modifying and designing various types of flight vehicles.

There are currently 10 City College alumni working at the Sacramento Executive Airport for the Patterson Aircraft Company. Two of them — Larry Beaver and Jeff Backer — work as airframe and powerplant technicians.

Beaver, with years of experience behind him now, says, "The aeronautics program at City College not only teaches you to tear apart an aircraft engine and put it back together again, but you also learn all about FAA inspections of aircraft."

Beaver emphasizes that "a go-getter can get a heck of a fine job out of it," but he warns that many leave the field to go into better paying industries.

That is another important aspect of the program. Students don't just learn how to be aviation mechanics; they are also given enough training and information to spin off into other fields of technical study and repair, including fire protection (helicopters and fire bombers), agriculture (crop dusters and seed planes) and transportation (auto, truck, bus and boat maintenance).

Backer, who graduated from City College in 1976, was working part time as a line man for Patterson while he was in school.

"You had to be interested in the program in order to get anything out of it," says Backer. "There were quite a few hurdles to jump."

Backers says that those hurdles, at least for him, included hydraulics and electrical functions. But he says he wouldn't trade his two years at City College for anything.

"City College is the best place in California to go for aeronautics," he says enthusiastically. "I wish that I could go back to pick up a few things that I've forgotten about with time."

Backers says the teaching was "excellent and presented well."

The continuing influx of women into male-dominated fields has also been true in aeronautics.

"There will be three women graduating at the end of this semester," says Robinson. "There is a big future for women pilots. I think it's wonderful."

Although the main purpose and function of the curriculum is to teach people how to prepare a plane for safe flight, the knowledge one picks up from the program can also prepare a person to fly.

"Students enrolled in the program can join an off-campus club called The Flying Panthers," says Robinson. "The main purpose of the club is to take the knowledge that they have learned and teach other students how to fly."

One of those who earned an airframe and power-

plant certificate and joined the club is Pat Bartron, who also acts as the club's business manager.

Bartron joined the club after his first semester in the aeronautics program and has since gone on to attain his private flying license.

He is currently working on his commercial license. "The best thing about the club is that a person can learn to fly at reasonable rates," Bartron says.

It costs \$35 to join the club and another \$5 for monthly dues which support the operation and maintenance of the club's 12 airplanes.

It took Bartron only eight months to acquire his private license through the club. "It would have taken much longer to get my license somewhere else," he says.

Bartron is "amazed at the program. I learn something new every day. It's a continuous learning process."

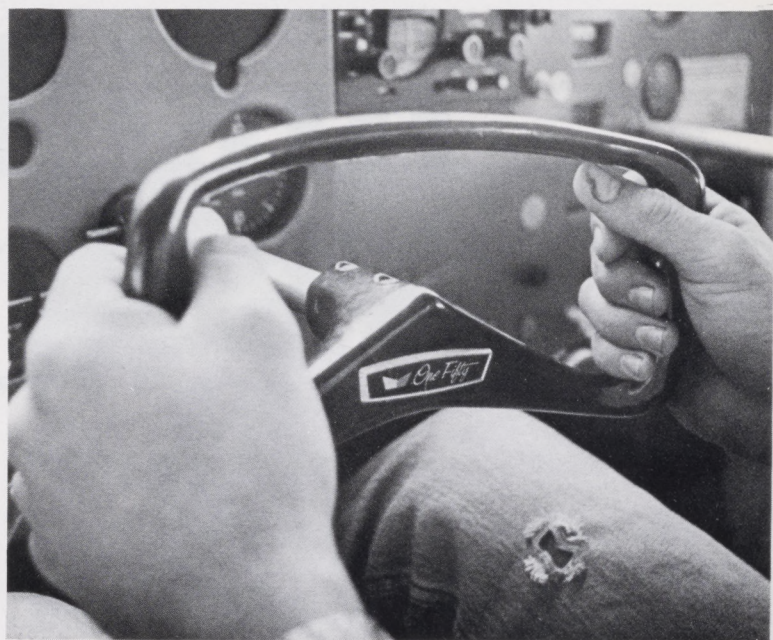
Bartron stresses, "All pilots must operate an airplane safely and courteously and with much more attention to Federal Aviation Administration regulations."

There is another club that many City College students join called the Aero Association. This club organizes field trips, brings in guest speakers and movies and promotes contests.

In 1982 the aeronautics department will be entering its 50th year. An enormous reunion and open house will celebrate the birthday of a program that has succeeded and probably will continue to succeed with flying colors.



Pete Thomas pays careful attention to the airframe because inspection is important in aeronautics. It's what keeps planes flying safely; so it's an essential consideration in the training of future technicians.

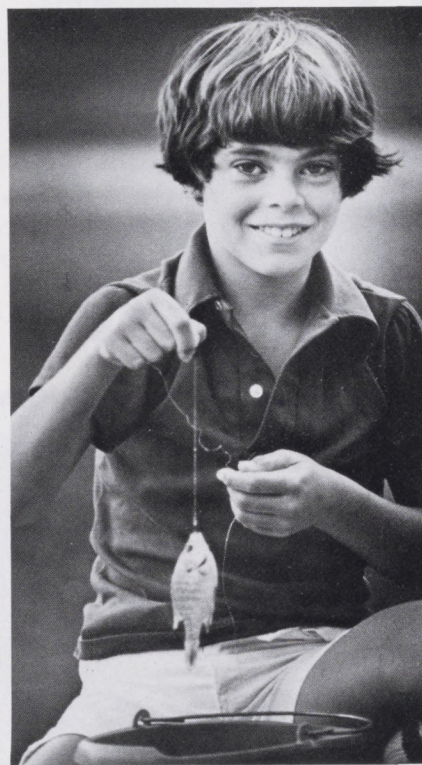


Marie Williams and Laurie Campbell (left) check over a powerplant, which is one of the training procedures in the aeronautics program. Alumni from the program are found in airports all over the country. There they are putting to use the skills they learned at the campus facility and at the airport hangar. Sometimes they learn to manipulate flight controls (above) and sometimes they just watch as planes fly overhead, knowing their job is to keep them flying.



**PHOTOS
BY
SUSIE
GOW**

William Land Park is a place of joy and sorrow. A squirrel happily satisfies his thirst at a handy water fountain, and a boy smiles with delight as he displays his catch. But then there are Sunday golfers caught by a sudden storm and the despairing polar bear who has seen too much of humanity for the day.



**Photos By
Craig Lee**





William Land Park

By MARY LOGAN



Sometimes we weary of the hustle and bustle of city life. Instead of cars and concrete, we would like to see acres of trees and critters.

Not everyone can take off for a few days of R and R in the high Sierras. But almost everyone can afford to travel to one of the 70 city parks right here in Sacramento.

City College students are especially fortunate. They have William Land Park, the city's second largest park, right across the street.

The 238-acre park is a virtual front lawn, and on sunny days students can be seen there sharing their lunches with the ducks, playing frisbee or just soaking up some warmth.

It was not always thus. A cattle ranch owned by Charles Swanston, rancher and meat packer, once occupied the site.

Then William Land, former mayor of Sacramento and first president of the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce, left \$25,000 in his will for the purchase of a park to be "a recreation spot for children and a pleasure ground for the poor."

Land was a progressive businessman who had made a considerable fortune in Sacramento and had also made significant contributions to the city during his lifetime.

Immediately following his death on Dec. 30, 1911, various factions began fighting over where the park should be located. When the City Council eventually made an offer to purchase the Swanston property, Land's heirs protested. They thought the park should be within the city limits (then at Broadway) and considered the site "an unattractive part of the city."

Consequently, the council withdrew its offer. In

1918, Swanston sued the city for not fulfilling its contract. The case dragged through the courts, twice reaching the Supreme Court which finally, in January 1922, refused to rehear the case.

The city then paid Swanston and his partner \$146,000 for 238 acres and accepted the deed on March 3, 1922. The park, now named William Land Park, opened to the public the following year. Three years later, Sacramento Junior College moved into its new Freeport Boulevard campus, and the two have been friendly neighbors ever since.

From pony rides to golfing to square dancing, William Land Park has something for just about everyone. The Sacramento Zoo, which was opened in the

on weekends during the school year. Every year in May, for two to three weekends, there is a Kiddie Fair with special guests, clowns and face painters.

According to Karolyn Pettingell, director of Fairytale Town, there are plans to enlarge the area to accommodate a Sherwood Forest picnic area, and King Arthur's Castle may be roofed.

William Land Park also has an amphitheater next to one of the two duck ponds in the park. It was built in 1960 and is the site of a variety of events such as band concerts, plays and religious services throughout the year.

Some 200 golfers play around the park's nine-hole course each day while the six baseball diamonds are



late 1920s, has hundreds of varieties of animals from all over the world.

Although the zoo area has not increased since its opening, there have been many changes. One of the most popular attractions is the reptile exhibit built in 1970. According to William Meeker, director of the zoo, plans are being developed for a new orangutan exhibit.

Another addition to the park was Fairytale Town, opened in 1959. This imaginative play area for children has many special events scheduled 10 months out of the year. It is closed in December and January.

Fairytale Town features puppet and drama workshops throughout the week during the summer and

usually filled with action every weekend.

The 43 barbecue areas and three garden areas have their patrons in good weather. For others, the playground with basketball courts and the wading pool are prime attractions.

Whether it's just to relax and go for a walk with a sweetheart or to get the whole office together for a company picnic, William Land Park has lots of space to offer, and most of its facilities are free.

So the next time you get the hankering to go some place that offers a taste of untrammelled nature, the answer may be no farther away than William Land Park — City College's own front lawn.

And don't forget the bread for the ducks.



